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THE
CHRISTIAN REFORMER.

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JANUARY, 1858.

[VOL. XIV.]

MEMOIR OF THE LATE REV. GEORGE ARMSTRONG, OF BRISTOL.

17 Ja 06 Elizabeth W Howso g.
“LA meilleure preuve de l'existence de Dieu, c'est la mort d'un juste,” writes the eloquent Mons. Simon in his “Religion Naturelle,” and the advocate of revealed religion may find an equally effective argument for the truths taught by Christianity in the power of it to build up a life of self-sacrifice to duty and devotion to the claims of conscience, combined with affectionate tenderness in its social relations, grateful appreciation of the blessings, and fortitude in the endurance of the evils, incident to existence. “Sweet is the record of a good man's life,” and the history of the Christian Church in its many divisions is rich in such biographies. Every sect can point with satisfaction either to its martyrs who have borne testimony with their blood, or its defenders who have adorned it by their writings and illustrated its spirit in their lives. The Unitarian church may yield, in the number of her saints and heroes, to some other denominations; but in the glory and the beauty of their lives she yields to none. Her witnesses have been rich in manly virtues,—unfailing in courage in the day of trial, unflinching in the dark hour of temptation. The names of many a patriot and sage rise up at once, as memory recalls the history of civil and religious liberty—names of many an apostle of mercy, as the efforts are recollected, made or making for the poor and the oppressed. Their names need no special mention here, bright and shining as they are in the records of fame; but one who is recently added to that scroll claims something more than a bare allusion, since the quieter times in which he lived, and the unambitious nature of his disposition, neither made his life famous by public persecution or popular exhibition; for the life which closed when the brave and good GEORGE ARMSTRONG breathed his last, in the month of August of the past year, was indeed one of superior merit, interesting to contemplate and fitted to instruct.

He was a philosophical divine and a scientific politician, a polished gentleman and an elegant scholar, a true-hearted patriot, an affectionate and sympathizing friend. Born in what may be called the upper ranks of life,—educated at Trinity College, Dublin,—surrounded by aristocratic prejudices, and bred in the Church of England, of which he was afterwards an ordained and

beneficed clergyman,—he hesitated not, at the call of conscience, to abandon all that he most loved, and to sacrifice all views of worldly advancement, so that he might be free in the pursuit of truth, lead wherever it might.

In the year 1837, he was induced to enter the ministry of the Unitarian church, whose opinions he had been led to adopt, after much laborious study, long before the probability of exercising a public vocation within her pale had occurred to him. In the difficult and responsible situation of a Unitarian minister,—painful and trying to all, but doubly so to one almost fresh from the comfortable security of the Established Church, and the social consideration of birth and fortune,—he continued for the space of nearly twenty years in the energetic service of religion, truth and virtue. Loved by his flock, revered and respected by his fellow-believers, he was neither unknown nor unhonoured beyond their limits; for where his voice was not heard, his vigorous words were read, whenever the sigh of the oppressed called for help, liberty was attacked, or truth wanted a champion. Whether in his own country, in continental Europe, or in the United States, wherever the great principles he loved and lived for were threatened, in him they found an ever-ready and able advocate. In the political struggles which preceded the passing of the Reform Bill, some of the most eloquent articles on the liberal side that appeared in the public prints were contributed by Mr. Armstrong to Tait's Magazine. In the religious agitation attending the discussion of the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, he pleaded the cause of the citizens deprived of their civil rights as energetically as he exposed and opposed the errors of their theology. Who that has seen, can forget his noble letters in defence of the Hungarian struggle in 1848, in the Examiner newspaper?—and how many, both here and in America, have been moved to tears by his touching appeals for “those that are in bonds”! Of spiritual liberty he has left an able defence in his volume on “Infallibility not possible;” and of civil and religious liberty, an equally able one, among many occasional tracts, in his essay on the “Church.” His printed writings would, if collected, make more than one large volume, and alike bear goodly witness to his generous sympathies, his heartfelt piety and his reasoning powers.

But this eloquent voice is now hushed for ever; this enlarged heart, which beat in such sweet accord with truth and goodness, lies still; this noble intellect, so quick to feel and so quick to act, is gone to that world where it will find in reality the visions of its brightest thoughts in this. Of what he was in the flesh, the memory alone remains to his sorrowing friends; and that memory one whom he loved, and who knew him well, would not willingly let die, but would fain gather up the fragments and embalm that image, as best he may be able, suitably to its worth

—that it may be preserved when those who lived with him on this earth are, like him, only existing in the realm of spirits—that his life may be a comfort, a warning and an example, to future strugglers in a world of sin!

Mr. Armstrong was born in the year 1792, at Drogheda, in Ireland; but losing his mother early in his childhood, he was removed from the paternal roof to the house of his grandmother, at a place called Flower Hill, in Navan, county Meath, where he passed the greater part of his youth, and which he ever remembered with great delight. Many, many years after he had quitted it, there are entries in his journals of visits paid to this spot, so endeared by sweet recollections, and of the thoughts suggested by the contrast of the past and the then present time. Amid scenes so associated with his early education, so redolent of pious cares and tender counsels, he seems to have felt like some exiled patriot treading by stealth the pathways of his native land;—so powerful are the ties which bind us to the opinions taught by lips revered and loved, they will in such circumstances “oft come back to plague the conscience.”* And these hallowed memories, with all their subtle influence, should not be forgotten in the estimation of Mr. Armstrong’s mental struggles; for his heart was eminently tender, full of reverence for the relationships of home, and eager to give and to receive affection.

He has left no written record of his boyish years; but nothing that I can learn of them leads me to suppose they were more remarkable than those of other amiable, clever, high-spirited lads. After the usual preliminary instruction, he was sent to Trinity College, Dublin, where he matriculated with great credit, taking his degree of B.A. in due course. Of his life at this time, the state of his mind, and the reasons which led to his adoption of the Church as a profession, instead of the Bar, his previously chosen career, he gives the following interesting account in a letter to a friend who had quitted the former from conscientious scruples.

“Clifton, January, 1857.

“My dear Mr. Gibson,—I have to thank you for the pleasure and interest I have felt in the perusal of your very instructive

* It requires great fortitude not to lose one’s self-possession when gentle women and innocent children, joining their hands in supplication, cry, “Believe as we believe.” It is consolatory to recollect that while this separation between the simple and the cultivated minds of humanity is an inexorable law of our transitory state here, there is a higher region for noble souls, where those who ignorantly curse one another, without knowing it often meet;—that ideal city contemplated by the seer of the Apocalypse, towards which a crowd was hurrying that no man could number,—men of every tribe, of every nation, of every language, proclaiming with one voice that creed in which all join—“Holy, holy, holy, is He who is, who was, and who is to come.”—*Ernest Renan*—“*Etudes Religieuses*.”

discourse on the 'Conflict of Personal Convictions with Clerical Obligations,'* which you were so kind as to send me some time since. It is peculiarly rich in matter for reflection, and well adapted to take its place among the tracts for the times. But what a hopeless embarrassment hangs upon the whole subject!—and what reasonable prospect can there be of mending—at which ever end you begin—a system which, in any aspect of it, is a standing outrage upon human freedom and religious truth, and instead of reformation calls rather for extirpation?

"You will say, 'Yes, but we must deal with circumstances on the best terms we can, and, if we cannot do all, approximate to a solution by doing the best and most we can.' Admitted; and so you write a very excellent tract, in the best possible temper, and administering to one of the peccant parties some very wholesome and needed advice. *That* party, from early connection and circumstances, you have viewed and spoken of with great consideration and tenderness. For my own part, I have all through life regarded it with feelings the very opposite of yours.

"They were my first prompters to the infidelity of those youthful years, of which the painful but not wholly useless experience is traceable, I suppose, in most men's lives. Their doctrines were ever to me revolting to irritation. — There was nothing in them to soothe, attract, conciliate; my boyhood years in college life could draw from them no help in their struggle with youthful sins and worldly vanities. 'You must resign the intellect or be lost, seek for evidence through enmity with reason—or you are on the way to the place of the doomed.' And they went on, Sunday after Sunday, through all the Dublin circles in which I then moved, and in one form or another, week-day after week-day, in the same dreary round of violation of principles which I felt to be true, and to my further and further repulsion from the goal of *peace* and *light* which I equally felt to be all-important.

"When these deadly mischiefs, thanks to them and their popular preachers, and their pious women not a few, were too deeply seated not to leave terrible marks of their presence on the moral and internal character, and some precious years were already surrendered to the calls of youthful dissipation and sin, my better star began to peer in the horizon.

"Bishop Watson's replies to Gibbon and Tom Paine aroused my thought and gratified my intellect. Paley's *temperate* yet earnest sermons came in at the happy moment to help the process. His *Natural Theology* led further on in the consoling and joyous way to a rational Christianity based on supernatural guarantees; and his *Christian Evidences*, with Hoadly, Locke and Jortin,

* Conflict of Personal Convictions with Clerical Obligations. By Robert Gibson. London—Whitfield. 1852.

did the rest. I was now a thoughtful, happy, consistent Christian. But, alas! my trials were not yet over. I was now under the influence of reaction, and had become 'serious;' so much so, indeed, as to take into my hands, with an alacrity which nothing else could account for, after such a mortal experience as mine, the works of Wilberforce and H. More, at that time in the full tide of popularity. And though not to their doctrinal, certainly to the full extent of their *practical* requirements, I was among the number of their most enthusiastic admirers and converts. In this condition the *Church* presented itself as my proper and most congenial calling; till then the Bar having been marked out as the path of my professional life. Ambition's voice was now completely hushed; my tastes had taken another direction. Religion's peaceful retirement and useful duties filled up in prospect the future and happy years, few or many, during which I might be spared to minister in her service. I began to prepare for orders,—at that time, in Ireland, no very formidable task. Burnett was calm, argumentative, plausible, liberal; and, chiefly sheltered under the skirts of the Bishop of Sarum, I was ushered into the Episcopal presence, that of Christopher Butsen, Bishop of Clonfert, an *élève* of Lord Sidmouth, who was to dismiss me with authority to preach the gospel. Ordained on a nomination to a curacy in the diocese of Meath, I speedily took possession of my post, and there continued preaching on the side of a cold hill, surrounded by a Romanist population, through whose midst I had to ride every Sunday, often finding it difficult to push my horse through them, on my way to the heretic church outside the village. There I continued to minister to some three or four country families, a few police, and an odd farmer or two, for a short six months, when I vacated my arduous post in order to marry an amiable lady, a widow, whose affairs rendered a residence for some time in Dublin indispensable.

“Under all the circumstances, I could hardly much repine at this lot; one of its recommendations being that it afforded me an opportunity of pursuing with less interruption my professional studies. It turned out a professional mistake; it did not help to attach me to the ecclesiastical system of which I had become a member. I read and thought too freely; the blinkers rather unwittingly put on did not sit well on me, and would sometimes fairly drop off. And so I went on, still loving to associate with my Paley and my Hoadly and my Locke, and with Archdeacon Jortin and his *mischievous* Preface to his Ecclesiastical History, and, not less dangerous, the fourth volume of Bishop Watson's Autobiography and the outpouring of a new interest in Paul's Epistle to the Romans, which by my own unaided reflection I was beginning to *understand* as I had never done before. Thus I went on through some mournful years, until an opportunity was pressed on me of returning to active duty in the diocese of

Down, and under the auspices of its then Bishop, Dr. Mant. The parish of Bangor was placed at my disposal by the lay impropiator, the Right Hon. Colonel Ward, and pressed on my acceptance. Having a fine glebe-house and some acres of land attached to it, I was induced to remove there with my family, who were themselves of large connections in that neighbourhood—but never with internal satisfaction to myself. I liked my honoured and useful position, but I had too much light to reconcile myself to the constrained services by which this outward honour and usefulness were to be available; and, oh! unlucky accident, a Belfast edition of Channing's discourse on the Ordination of Ezra Stiles Gannett left me more tormentingly dissatisfied than ever. From that hour I was a gone man; it only remained for circumstance and opportunity to determine when I should release myself from obligations which I was unable to fulfil, and abandon once and for all allegiance to a system that weighed down my soul's freedom, which was its life, and fettered my thoughts as they would ever and anon soar upwards to the source of light and truth and spiritual joy.

"Such was the Church to me, and such my active connection with the Church for a period of altogether about co-extensive with your own, namely three years.

"You see what you have brought on yourself by your kind recollection of me in sending me your interesting discourse. But, in good truth, the history of *your* mind so intensely recalled my own intellectual and ecclesiastical experiences, that I could not forbear putting them on paper just as they recurred to me on sitting down to thank you for your present."

It was in the year 1824 that Mr. Armstrong re-commenced his ministry in the Church of England, and in his journal for the year 1837—the earliest he has left—under the date of December 17th, there is the following entry, giving an interesting picture of his departure for his new residence:

"This morning had tidings of an event, in itself unimportant, but, from thronging recollections and associations, a subject to me of deep and affecting concern,—the death of poor, faithful old 'Fan'!

"In the May of 1824, then quite a young pup, she accompanied us in the carriage on Jane's lap to Castle-Saunderson, whither we were going on taking leave of dear Bingfield for my clerical domains at Bangor, in the county of Down. I remember the little animal was handed into the carriage in a basket by our eccentric but kind neighbour, Mr. Stephens, at the top of the hill, just as we came out of the avenue gate at Bingfield.

"But, alas! how many other things connected with this little creature may I not with equal tenacity remember!—accompanying us in our wanderings, sharing our fortunes and our walks

too, as she did, during a period of our life so full of interest, so full of change, and finally to myself so full of grief, anxiety and care!"

In the year 1825, he appears to have become a subscriber to the *Monthly Repository*, and the following entry in a commonplace-book, dated Bangor, January 1st, 1826, shews how actively his mind was then occupied with the study of those subjects which so deeply concerned his sincerity as a man of honour as well as a minister of a Christian Church:

"The Critical Synopses in the *Monthly Repository* are conducted by a masterly hand. I am but a young subscriber, and can therefore not yet account for the circumstance that those talented sketches come from an American pen. In the No. for September 1825 (*Crit. Syn.*), there are a few lines of reference to Bishop Butler's Analogy, which betray a most exact and searching mind, and a capacity for criticism and sound reasoning, not often to be met with. In the same article there is a very curious, and, I conceive, a very well-founded remark on the nature of Calvinistic orthodoxy, and its effects upon the mental habits of its disciples."

The tendency of his mind and the nature of his studies at this time are further illustrated by another extract in this same commonplace-book:

"The following passage is worth transcribing. I found it in a paper of a very meritorious and talented work called the '*Free-thinker*,' published so long ago as 1723, to which many distinguished men contributed their assistance:

"He alone is properly a wise man, a philosopher or lover of wisdom, who disdains to submit his reason to the prejudices of custom, of education, of authority, of interest or of passion; who, to the utmost of his ability, examines into all things impartially before he determines either to approve or to reject them; and who is neither unwilling nor *afraid* to enlarge his understanding and to exercise the faculties of his mind *freely upon every kind of knowledge* which he thinks worthy of his notice, or his duty to learn, as a man.' 'Neither to be afraid to avow a truth, nor ashamed to retract an error,' are the concluding words of the third volume, the last of that work which I have seen."

It was in the year 1826, the date of these two entries, that his final separation from the Established Church took place. No particulars of the exact circumstances attending the resignation of his living are preserved; but one of his parishioners, now a resident in this country, informs me that he was a popular preacher and minister, and that his secession caused great grief to his friends at Bangor.

In the month of December of the same year he appears to be back at "dear Bingfield;" and the next register of his thoughts,

dated from that place, are on "Dr. Channing and the closing year."

"I have this moment, for the second time within the period of two months, concluded the perusal of a review of Milton's character and writings, more particularly of his recently discovered work, 'On the Christian Religion,' by the Rev. Dr. Channing, of Boston, U.S.

"Great master of language as our poet's eulogist is, I must confess that I have not sufficiently benefited by his example in the art of writing to be able to express with any even tolerable accuracy my exalted sense of his own powers. I protest I feel—and I feel it more profoundly after a second reading—as if I might assert with safety, that since the days of Milton himself there has been no individual of whom it could be said that he could write of poetry or of Milton with equal brilliancy and depth of feeling. In Dr. Symmons's eloquent Memoirs of that poet,—in the Edinburgh Review very recently,—and in innumerable other productions in this prolific age of books,—the most interesting and, indeed, magnificent eulogies have been written of Milton. But whether we regard his felicitous conceptions of poetry itself, or the taste and feeling of his short selections from the unrivalled bard,—or whether we refer to his inspiring praises of Milton's prosaic powers, to his fine sketches of the times and circumstances and occasions which drew them forth,—to his sympathies in the mental freedom and unparalleled force with which they were exercised not more in the defence of the political than of the spiritual and eternal rights of mankind,—we feel that to Dr. Channing must be conceded the rare power of feeling himself in all their greatness the subjects to be contemplated, and of imparting to his readers of the most ordinary intelligence and sensibility the full force of his own emotions. While Dr. Channing is describing their perfections to us, Milton becomes more sublime, poetry more enchanting, Christianity more blessed! Well might even the Tory Blackwood confess of the pulpit compositions of this *republican* (some of which I am so fortunate as to possess), that without question he may be ranked 'among the first sermonizers that ever lived.' Well might even that *Court Review*, the 'Quarterly,' exclaim, that this man is 'an honour to his age and to human nature!'

"*Inscii rapimur!* Another year has closed upon us. What progress have I made in knowledge, what in wisdom, and how have these been indicated? What new books have I by study made myself master of, what new ideas have I acquired, or what former ones worth retaining have I confirmed and enlarged?

"Of the former I cannot pretend that in the course of the year past I have considerably added to my store. My thoughts have ranged very much in the same circle they had occupied in

preceding years, and I must only vindicate myself from the charge of mental inaction by hoping that in point of *wisdom* I may not have been altogether idle. On former ideas which I had gathered, I may indeed assert safely that I have reflected much; and encouraged as I feel by that instructive maxim of Seneca prefixed to this volume, ‘*Multo satius est paucis te auctoribus tradere, quam errare per multos*,’—I look back with some self-satisfaction upon the instructive hours I have passed in the company of authors which have been long on my shelves, and with whose sentiments I have found my own the more united, the more I have studied them. But have I actively applied these? Have they improved my character? Have I communicated ideas, or happiness in any form, to those around me?

“My heart, alas! has its own internal struggles in the path of duty still to maintain; and so, perhaps, in this state ‘militant’ it seems designed to be, with all persons, to the latest hour of their lives. We must never quit the helm; conscience and reason must ever be on the alert to keep us from dangers and guide us to the haven. Let us pray for and with the perpetual exercise of these powers, and we cannot go seriously wrong. Errors, indeed, we shall and must commit; but whosoever, without fanaticism or ostentation, shall apply with most fidelity those powers, will unquestionably attain a character the most agreeable to God and man.

“Have I, however, imparted to others any of my own reflections, either acquired or confirmed within the period now considered? Has my *intellectual life* for the last twelve months been wholly *solitary*? Has the world, through any channel, received into its common stock of intelligence so much as a single note from me? I feel pleased in answering that it has. I am conscious that, whatever my external habits may be, they do not correctly interpret my internal character, if they should fix upon me the imputation of indolence. I am joyfully conscious that my thinking powers are never idle; so that, in *my humble degree*, I feel confirmed in myself that remark of Lord Bacon, in vindication of men of learning, that *they only*, of all men living, ‘love business for itself.’ Such being my turn, I *cannot exist* without communication with persons of similar habits; and as my situation in life does not afford me much personal commerce of this nature, I am constrained to find vent for my meditations by the favour of those who, though strangers to me, occasionally accept my contributions for the public instruction, and commit to the wide world upon the wings of the press the few humble pages from time to time concocted in my chimney corner.

“As of all other social blessings, to use the noble phrase of Milton, ‘the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely,’ is the very greatest, so in proportion as I have perceived any limitations opposed, or any odium attached, to this liberty, let these

attempts be made from what quarter they may, I have felt an irresistible impulse to resist them. With this feeling, I have too often found occasion to throw myself into the arena against the parties who are at present so actively engaged, the one in impugning, the other in apparently defending, this great maxim in its particular application to religious inquiries. I have found that in effect, and just as it too clearly proved at the vaunted liberation of the minds of men from the sway of Rome, the latter party is as little the friend at this moment as it was then, and quite as ill affected as their more consistent antagonists, to that precious liberty for which they would seem to be such ardent advocates. ‘Heresies—only a more convenient term for varieties of opinion—will ensue, cries the priesthood of Rome, from this liberty you contend for!’ *Alarmed by the reproach*, and consenting to the imagined *danger* of this *variety*, ‘Nay,’ cry these heralds of freedom, ‘the more men examine for themselves, the less probability will there be for *speculative disagreement* upon the word of God;—the more surely indeed may we expect them not merely to be of one *affection*, but of one *opinion* upon the whole contents of that important, though often complicated, book, the Bible.’

“Now, admitting the probability of much greater unity of opinion than has ever yet existed, although in a sense very different from theirs, yet in the mean time the obvious reply of the genuine friend of freedom and of truth is, that *no* so-called heresy—*no* variety of opinion, conceived in the fear of God and in the faithful exercise of our faculties, *can* involve the remotest danger to any human being; and that the application of any invective or reproach to those who arrive at opinions, however opposite to those of the party who presumes to judge for any other than themselves, must be as offensive to Him who rules the world in truth, as the more violent but consistent application of restraints by which *that* Church has been distinguished, for whose annihilation by the progressive force of reason every *lover of wisdom*—since we may not say philosopher—upon earth must be incessantly anxious.

“Now these sentiments were never more actively or ably maintained than in the present day; and in no small degree was I gratified at finding that just at the period when I had forwarded a paper in their defence to the London Monthly Repository,* embracing a review of the controversy now waging between the Roman Catholics and Protestants of Ireland, the leading principles which I had advocated were most happily defended by distinguished writers, almost simultaneously, in France, England and America. In No. XI. of the Westminster Review, a masterly article on ‘the Formation of Opinions’ appeared close upon

* Vol. XXI., October 1826.

the heels of two incomparable tracts,—one by Sismondi, ‘On the Progress of Religious Opinions,’—the other by Dr. Channing, on Milton’s work, ‘On the Christian Doctrine,’ &c. These great men, together with their anonymous fellow-labourer alluded to, have furnished me with the most delightful materials for reflection during a great portion of the year now terminated.

“I feel that, had I done nothing more than imbibed their wisdom, I should not have lived for that year in vain; and I feel that upon the diffusion of that wisdom must depend the progress of mankind in virtue and happiness.

“May every year find us more advanced, by the use of the proper means, towards the proper end of our being,—the cultivation of our moral and intellectual nature here, and the fruition allotted to just men made perfect ‘hereafter’!—December 31st, 1826.”

Thus modestly did this noble-hearted man sum up the particulars of his life, without a single word upon the principal event of the year,—that which did him the most credit, and the world would think cost him the greatest effort,—the resignation of his living in the Established Church. He seems to treat his conduct as only the legitimate consequence of the principles he lays down as those proper to the “lovers of wisdom,” and to take no honour to himself for an act of self-sacrifice so evidently laid upon him by a sense of duty and a love of truth.

This 31st December, 1826, seems to have been a busy day in Mr. Armstrong’s study; for the above is not the only entry, long as it is, in his commonplace-book under that date.

The following observations will be read with interest by the subscribers to the *Christian Reformer*, and must prove deeply gratifying to its present worthy Editor.

“Since the date of my first remark upon this work [*the Monthly Repository*], I have had a fair preparation to form an opinion on its merits.

“As a *Repository* for original contributions, no matter how short, nor upon what subject, provided they be only tolerably meritorious in point of information and not offensive in point of manner, that work must have proved a valuable *nursery of thought*, and as such, now that the present series has been closed to make way for one of a more finished and extended nature, is entitled to the gratitude and respect of every friend of free inquiry in this country. Nor is it small praise that in a work which has been so much devoted to religious controversy, so well-regulated and decorous a spirit should have prevailed. Added to which is the remarkable circumstance—and truly creditable it is—that while its conductors and principal contributors were adherents of opinions the most remote from those which are supposed by the majority to constitute orthodoxy, its pages have ever been

cheerfully open to those who, in defence of the latter, might choose to question the soundness of the criticisms or the accuracy of the facts which it submitted to the judgment of the world. If in a work so indulgent to aspirants of good temper and of manifest desire to follow after truth, many of its articles in point of talent and intelligence are not entitled to the praise of mediocrity, it is equally certain that the 'rays of genius' have very frequently illuminated its pages, and that the merit of solidity and sound information would be found to belong to a considerable portion of every number of it which has appeared. Conspicuous above all articles of this character, have been the contributions of an American writer, under the title of a 'Critical Synopsis' of the contents of the Repository in the month of the preceding year corresponding with that in which his remarks were successively inserted.

"In a communication with which I was favoured by the Editor (the Rev. Robert Aspland), I have had the gratification of learning that this writer, whose history, as I have stated at the beginning of this book, had greatly puzzled me, is the Rev. Mr. Gilman, a Unitarian divine, in Charleston, U.S. America is becoming rich in writers of the first order; and if of those with whom I am as yet acquainted, the pre-eminent rank is to be assigned to Dr. Channing, it is no humble panegyric to say that Mr. Gilman is entitled to occupy the very next and closest place to him.

"I really cannot recollect upon any subject, or by any writer, more deep, luminous and searching specimens than occur in this gentleman's comments upon Calvinism and Orthodoxy in the Repository for September 1825, March 1826, and December 1826. In reviews, of all things, theology is anything but a fashionable subject for the generality of readers; but could anything ever set such people a-thinking on this too often revolting topic, it would be the lively and truly ingenious essays of this American critic.

"Having now done, except retrospectively, with the old series of the Monthly Repository, I only hope I may as often meet with him in the new."

Mr. Armstrong's time was now spent in the duties and pleasures of his family, the relaxations proper to rural life, of a farm and garden, and the unremitted occupations of his study. Still pursuing the same line of thought that had led him so ardently to desire perfect liberty "to know, to utter, and to argue freely," he seems in the year 1827 to have been particularly occupied with the "influence of education on belief," and "the importance of slowness in embracing opinions." His note-book contains extracts from Hales of Eton, Lord Bacon, John Locke, and other authorities on the subject, with copious reflections of his own, all bearing witness to the industry, perseverance and im-

partiality with which he strove to find the truth. The following is an interesting allusion to a most remarkable man:

“In confirmation of these remarks on Education by two such eminent men as Hales and Locke, I know of none more appropriate and interesting than the spirited and rational observations by an illustrious disciple in the path of independent reasoning, and by one of the most singular examples of sagacity and self-instruction which the history of mankind presents.

“Born amidst an idolatry whose antiquity was reputed to baffle computation—encompassed by prejudices the most inveterate and by institutions the most oppressive that ever shackled the mind of man—himself a Brahmin of the highest caste, and enjoying the additional importance of an affluent fortune,—Rammohun Roy overcame every obstacle arising from country, religion, language, *friends* and *kindred*, and acquired with incredible success an intimacy with the language, the literature and theology of those more cultivated regions which he had *never seen*! Disgusted by the abusive and degrading religion which he had derived from his ‘*forefathers*,’ and of which he beheld his countrymen the depraved and miserable victims, he resolved to give liberty to his fine intellect, and commenced an examination of the sacred books of the Christians in their original tongues;—a study which convinced him that a divine religion had been given to mankind.

“A more accomplished, a more sedulous, or a more upright mind never before addressed itself to the sacred volume; and if the conclusions of an inquirer *so rarely* qualified have coincided with the Unitarian system,—however widely we have been accustomed to differ from such views,—we may at least concede that they are entitled to so much respect as to be listened to with patience and tolerated with kindness.”

A quotation follows these remarks, from the “Precepts of Jesus,” by Rammohun Roy, p. 354.

The subject of Education was always a favourite one with Mr. Armstrong, and the latter part of his life was occupied in endeavours to enforce practically the views he had adopted in these earlier days of patient investigation. At the end of these notes of 1827, there is a reference made to a passage in an article of the Westminster Review of April 1832, which is a capital summary of his opinions:

“The fair conclusion, perhaps, is, that that is the best education which is luckiest in instilling the greatest number of *true* truths *before* the scholar is capable of judging for himself, and along with it the greatest capability for judging of truth for himself *afterwards*. ‘What is a good education?’ is therefore only a ramification of Pilate’s question, ‘What is truth?’ Hence there appears to be a general necessity for cutting off that part of an argument which says, ‘Our sect will be acknowledged the

best of all sects, if you will only enable us to train up all the world to think so.”

From “Education and its Influences,” and “Slowness in embracing Belief,” he seems to have passed to an investigation of “Authority in matters of Religion,” and of “Articles and Terms of Communion in Protestant Churches,” “Mystery in Religion,” “the Atonement,” &c. In his examination of these subjects there is ample evidence of extensive reading, and his notes include many original observations which would be well worth extracting if it were thought expedient to give a more detailed account of the life of this truly honest inquirer.

After exposing the contradictions and inconsistencies involved in the several defences he had been studying of the Athanasian Creed, he writes:

“So much for Athanasius’ Creed and the Trinity, which is dignified with the title of the ‘Catholic faith;’ and, with all its perplexities and strife-creating niceties, is bound upon the conscience and thrust upon the understandings of men, as if its ‘warranty from Scripture’ were as *sure* and *certain* as the most express, distinct, unequivocal and consistent forms of language could by any possibility convey it!

“In the whole circle of knowledge, could this be endured in anything but theology?

“In the whole compass of human inconsistency, is there anything so astounding or so revolting as the curse-denouncing orthodoxy of PROTESTANT Christendom?”

The results of all this study and attention he had a favourable opportunity of exhibiting about this time, in bringing them to bear upon the famous discussion of Messrs. Pope and Maguire,* which was held in the lecture-room of the Dublin Institution in the year 1827, and which called forth the work already mentioned, entitled “Infallibility not possible—Involuntary Error not culpable.”†

In a review of this work in the Examiner of January 1830, it is spoken of in the following manner:

“The field of religious disputation does not come within the range of our critical cognizance; but when, as in the present instance, a writer extends the polemical province so as to bring within the scope of his advocacy principles of the dearest import to mankind, we cannot permit ourselves to be distant and neutral spectators of the generous strife. The greater portion of the work is applied to controverting the Catholic doctrine of Infallibility, and on this question the author avails himself most aptly of extensive learning, and manifests argumentative powers of a very high order.”

* See Authenticated Report of the Discussion between Rev. R. T. Pope and Rev. Thomas Maguire. Dublin—Curry and Co. 1827.

† Second edition, revised. London—J. Chapman. 1851.

The Editor of the Examiner also quotes with great approbation a letter he had received from Mr. Armstrong, in which he thus describes the motives which induced him to write the book just mentioned :

“There is one great point upon which I confess I am more than commonly enthusiastic—a point upon which I have long thought that the interests of human society cannot be too sedulously watched and cherished—I mean the right to form, and I may add to propagate, our religious opinions without let or molestation, without annoyance or reproach from any man or set of men living. And in order to prepare for the universal admission and adoption of this momentous right, there can be no demonstration more important to establish than the ABSOLUTE INNOCENCY OF CONSCIENTIOUS ERROR.”

There is a pleasant glimpse of Mr. Armstrong about this time in the published *Life of the Rev. Henry Ware, Jun.* (p. 279), who, writing to Professor Norton on August 14, 1829, thus speaks of him :

“One particularly interesting occurrence has been my visit to a Mr. Armstrong, once a clergyman of the Establishment, who has thrown up his living because of his growing dislike to orthodoxy. I found a letter from him in Dublin, inviting me as an American, a Unitarian and a friend of Dr. Channing, to visit him; and, as his house is but twenty-five miles from Edgeworthstone, we took it in our route. He is a fine scholar, and a man of talent, frankness and ardent zeal, intimate with American history, partial to our country, and enthusiastic in his admiration of Dr. Channing, who can tell you about him, as he has written to him.”

In the year 1829, Daniel O’Connell, then at the height of his popularity in Ireland, with an inconsistency not uncommon to the professors of his creed,—his religious bigotry overcoming his political convictions,—attacked the liberal party in France, in a letter to the *Dublin Evening Post*, in a most unjustifiable manner, describing them as enemies rather than friends to liberty, “ready to crouch again before the throne of the first gilded adventurer who would join with them in their one great passion—their hatred of Christianity:”—“all the liberty they wanted was the liberty to crush religion and to embrue their hands in the blood of the priests,”—a sweeping accusation more than once persisted in, merely because some conspicuous members of that party were not blindly devoted to the see of Rome. Mr. Armstrong addressed an admirable letter to the Editor of the *Examiner*, in which, after severely handling “Dan” for the gross discrepancies between his professions and his practice, he winds up with the following prophetic estimate of his character :

“If, however, Mr. O’Connell should persevere in the course which he has unfortunately too often chosen,—if, by a species

of *accommodation* the most delusive, he should continue to divide himself between two masters as opposite as 'God and Mammon,'—he must abide by the consequences. In his own day, eventually, every man's hand will be against him; and History, when she notices him for the sake of the events in which he was conspicuously mixed, will lament that when his country and his kind had hoped for a patriot, this 'man of the people' was found too narrow-minded by education, and too imbecile by religion, to come up to the measure of their wants; that the cause of the good and wise of all nations, so far as his influence could reach, was retarded by the prejudices he strengthened and the fallacies he propagated; that patriotism was wounded by his calumnies, philosophy attacked by his bigotry, and charity appalled by his virulence; and finally, instead of taking that station in the scroll of his country's fame which the circumstances in which he was placed might not have rendered an impossible elevation, he was contented to live for the applauses of a mob and the flattery of a faction, and to barter the renown of a Hampden, a Romilly and a Bentham, for the ignoble notoriety of a Lilburne or a Cobbett!"

At the close of the year 1829, Mr. Armstrong thus writes of himself:

"Adhering still to the maxim, more praised than followed by Gibbon, who takes it, I think, from Cicero, '*Multum legere potius quam multa,*' my studies have not within any recent period introduced me to the knowledge of many new books.

"I have lately amused myself in re-perusing some favourite articles in the *Westminster Review*, a periodical which I cannot better describe than in the words of its very able editor, Mr. Bowring, of London, from whom I had the pleasure not long since of receiving a very obliging letter:

"'It is not for me to estimate the value of the service which the *Westminster Review* may have done for free inquiry; but sure I am it has sought to do good service. Unsupported by the aristocracy, by the bookselling influence, by any monopoly or faction whatever,—flattering no one, but endeavouring to maintain no unsound opinions of any one,—it has, I think, some claim upon public patronage.'

"In the 4th No. of this truly independent and useful work, the commencing article is devoted to an explanation of the principles of political economy, taking for its text Mr. Mill's elementary work on that subject. The science of politics has unquestionably an advantage, not easily to be estimated, in the great talents and enlightened mind of this eminent writer. . . . This school has been scoffingly, but in my opinion honourably and fitly, termed the Utilitarian. . . . But in admitting the propriety of the term, it is by no means necessary to limit the signification of the word 'Utility' to the narrow sense in which its inventors would affect to understand it.

“In interpreting the designs of these enlightened men of whom we speak, their enemies endeavour to make the world believe that they are actuated by more than Gothic barbarity; and that, if legislation were to be influenced *by them*, every species of refinement would in no long time be subverted. The Utilitarian philosophy opposes itself to nothing which can really tend to benefit and adorn society: it protests only against that abuse of education which, even when most successful, enables the youth of our country to determine on the merits of a poem, or the antiquity of a MS., or the site of some scene of historical fame, while they are contentedly ignorant to the last degree on every subject which it concerns men *in active and useful life* to understand;—ignorant of the principles of law, jurisprudence, government;—ignorant of all the phenomena of nature—of botany, chemistry, mineralogy, geology;—in short, as much fit to participate, as numbers of them are destined to do, in the guidance of national affairs, and the suggestion of measures which influence the happiness of millions, living and unborn, of their fellow-beings at home and abroad, as the most uneducated of their own menials! Bigots and imbeciles, what but the *pressure of opinion from without* could save their country from the consequence of their inanities! If there were no illustrious writers, no sagacious observers, no enlarged and liberal bosoms anxious and busy in the work of doing good to their race, and aided and sustained by the all-subduing energies of the Press, what could be hoped from the scions whom our Universities of Oxford and Cambridge and Dublin annually emit from their halls?

“From Ascendancy-men in Ireland, from High-churchmen in England, from intolerance anywhere in whatever form or degree, may the Bentham and the Mills, the Ricardos and Maccullochs, with their Mechanics’ Institutes, their London University, and all their *utilitarian* expedients in their train, increase and multiply, and from year to year, in the great mercy of Heaven, grow more and more powerful to protect us!”

In 1830, there was a contested election for Drogheda, when Mr. Armstrong made a most remarkable and telling speech in favour of the Reform candidate. A long extract is quoted in the London Examiner of May 22, and is thus introduced: “The following passage is extracted from a masterly speech of the Rev. George Armstrong at the Drogheda election. When submitting this specimen, we need scarcely say the speaker is a man of sound principles and great abilities. We wish there were a few more such to take a part—a lead it would be—in Irish affairs.” The extract, too long to repeat here, is a capital specimen of hustings’ oratory, full of clever passages and humorous illustrations, constantly interrupted by “laughter and cheers” from his hearers.

In this same journal, Mr. Armstrong contributed some admi-

able papers towards the end of the year on the Reform Debates in the House of Lords, in which he analyzed and answered all the speeches of the opposing Members with a great deal of wit and power.

He was a warm advocate for Catholic Emancipation, and one of the few Protestants of his neighbourhood who signed a petition in favour of that measure. In page 3 of the second edition of "*Infallibility not possible*," there is a note referring to this petition, with a letter of the Duke of Sussex, to whose care it was committed.

In the year 1831, he published a very able little volume* on the Established Church, in answer to a Charge of Archbishop Magee, which attracted a great deal of notice at the time.

Thus usefully and worthily did he continue to pass his time, invigorating his mind by study, and employing his voice and pen in the defence of freedom, progress and truth, in the political, social and religious questions of the day.

(To be continued.)

A MINISTER'S RETROSPECT.

CHAPTER XI.

TRANSPLANTED AND TAKING ROOT AGAIN.

Transplantation would be a better word by far than *translation*, to describe the promotion of a bishop to another see, or of a Dissenting minister to another congregation. That is, supposing that the bishop feels, as I did, pretty deeply rooted in his earlier place and work, and that a painful wrench is required to make him quit the ground at all. That word *translation*, and its kindred *transference*, are only fit to describe the removal of inert masses from place to place. Trees are not so easily transplanted, unless while very young; nor men, in full maturity of mind and when well rooted in congenial soil. But recent experiments in gardening have shewn that even large trees will bear removal and thrive well after it; and I must add my testimony as regards the satisfactory transplantation of a Dissenting minister. The men of twenty years before my time, it is true, usually lived their life out on the spot where they began their first ministry. And there was something very right-hearted and tender in this constancy to one only love. But it was often a matter of doubtful wisdom, both as regards the best energy of the minister and the interests of the congregation. Methodism

* The Church, its Civil Establishment indefensible, and its Claims to a Tolerant Character disproved. London—R. Hunter. 1831.

has since tried the opposite experiment of perpetual change, with perfect apparent success as to its congregations, who seem to like perpetual novelty; though with doubtful or absolutely injurious influence upon the intellectual energies of its ministers in general, whose very rapid changes of residence make their head-work too easy and mechanical, and deny them true heart-work anywhere. Our congregations will never, I trust, fall to so low a taste in religious affairs, nor our ministers be reduced to welcome such an expedient for saving mental work by substitution of physical motion. But removals are less rare among us than they were among *my* predecessors; and in the degree of frequency and with the deliberateness that characterize them for the most part, I think they are to be vindicated as natural, right and useful. On this subject, however, I have already expressed myself pretty fully in my fifth chapter, and do not wish to repeat myself, as old men are too apt to do. Indeed, my Mary dear, you must stop me at once if ever you find I am giving you an old chapter over again, and say, *Vide* chap. so-and-so. "Old men will be talkative," is often kindly pleaded in excuse for them; but it is no excuse for young daughters letting them print all their tediousness.

Well, in the year 1822, after a sixteen years' ministry at A., I was invited unanimously and handsomely to B.; and, after much careful and anxious deliberation, and amid sore conflict of feeling, I determined to accept "the call." This phrase was more usual among us at that time than it is now, but it meant nothing more than "invitation" does now. It was to us the *call of the congregation*, and not, in any more sacred or direct way than that, the supposed call of the Holy Spirit or of Jesus Christ. The days were already past when men mystified themselves or their congregations by pleading a superhuman call. Stories were already current among us, as of things past, telling how a minister of Humblewood, having announced to his congregation from the pulpit that he had received a call to Bishopsborough, was met by one of his flock at the vestry door with the following greeting: "I say, maister Thomas, I'se been thinking ye've a very kind maister." "How so, John? What do you mean?" "Why, ye've a very kind maister, to call ye from Humblewood to Bishopsborough; for I reckon if he'd call'd ye from Bishopsborough to Humblewood, he might ha' call'd long enough." There was no disguise or mystification about my call to B. It invited me to a larger congregation in a larger and more thriving town, and to a somewhat, but not vastly, improved income. The last-mentioned advantage was not sufficient to release me from school duties (I should indeed have grasped it thankfully if it had been); but it might put me in that desired position somewhat earlier. The other two advantages might have seemed insufficient, except when taken in connection with

school-keeping prospects (a consideration of increased importance since my marriage). Certain domestic considerations weighed in the same direction, and I resolved to accept the call. But O the pangs and sorrows of the separation from my dear, good, kind, excellent friends at A., on whom I had spent all the feebleness and greenness of my young ministry, while they so gently forbore with me for the sake of its earnestness and truth, and to whom I felt that I was now offering the maturity of my ripe manhood! Was it not ungrateful to them (I asked myself) to leave them so? And if the honest answer of my heart had been Yes, I should not have left them. But I honestly felt that the feebleness of a too juvenile ministry had filled a very small proportion of the sixteen years; and I honestly believed that, for various reasons, a change, thus naturally and easily offering itself, might be good and healthy for both parties. Sixteen years was long enough, perhaps, to tire less ardent friends as well as to endear firm ones; it was long enough to suggest the desire of novelty in some, as well as to have created a taste or habit in others. Self-love did not forbid one to realize all this, or perhaps a little more. No self-love could prevent me from feeling that a ministry sustained in the same place for sixteen years, ever since I was a mere boy, had been a severe drain upon my own mental resources; and I was sensitively alive to every symptom I could either see or fancy that other persons had put their corresponding impression into anything like a charge against me of sameness or relaxed exertion. I felt that, as far as my own work in the ministry was concerned, I could in a new place sustain a more effective service by the exertion of the same industry which (with my time largely devoted to teaching youth) seemed scarcely sufficient on the spot where it had been so long exercised. And when the change was actually made, the parting for a residence sixty miles distant really over, and my new sphere of duty entered upon, I experienced all that I have argued (or seemed to argue) theoretically in a former chapter, as to the advantages of an occasional removal to the minister himself, and thereby to the ministry in general. I found my place at once both in chapel and town at B., by right of character and position, on the basis of former experience. I did not grow idle or indifferent, but was glad to think I could do my work better than before. This was especially the case with my pulpit services, which had of late subjected me to the greatest strain, and been by no means satisfactory to my own mind. Instead of writing a sermon because I must, I wrote it henceforward because I had it in my thought and feeling, just as it had arisen fresh out of events or conversations, or suggested itself from the book of Nature or that of Scripture. I re-wrote old sermons too; but more often wrote afresh on the same subject or text. I was no longer haunted by the idea of ladies who carefully balanced the propor-

tion of old sermons and new by their own unerring memories, or of gentlemen who more reliably registered each Sunday's texts in their pew Bibles. All was alike new to my new congregation, that did not seem to myself too old to present to them. But I became myself infinitely more fastidious than I could ever before afford to be, in the selection of sermons from my accumulated stores. It was an absolute rule with me never to repeat one which seemed to bear marks of haste or carelessness in its composition, or which was so young that I could not entirely re-appropriate and realize it to myself as the genuine expression of my own present beliefs and emotions. And how many that had been genuine and good and true a few years ago, were ruthlessly thrown aside because they could not quite stand this test! In the fluctuation of one's own feelings, one may even adopt some other day that which has not satisfied the feeling to-day. I have often experienced these changes of feeling when, after writing my new sermon for Sunday morning, I have begun to look out one for the evening. But how invariably did I prefer the new sermon of the day to the old one, however deliberately adopted! With how much more ease and interest could I deliver it! How much more like talking or extempore speech it seemed to myself and (I therefore concluded it must) to my hearers! I could never grow lazy about writing new sermons while I had this experience, Sunday by Sunday, of the difference between an old and a new one. Yet it is manifestly impossible to write two new sermons a week: such a mass of new manuscript could not possibly be new thought or sentiment or feeling. Nor can I at all believe in extempore preaching to *our* congregations twice every Sunday. The extempore speech would be no newer than the extempore writing;—probably, indeed, less new, and certainly less careful and thorough in thought and arrangement. Practically I believe the truest reconciliation of the careful style demanded by our congregations with their demand and the minister's own for earnestness and directness of appeal, is to be found in written compositions, if possible newly written, and so filling the preacher's heart and mind, or (if written some time ago) so thoroughly adopted again by him as to place him in the very attitude of mind and feeling in which he wrote them. And I believe that our ministers in general, by due attention to this one great rule (especially with the mechanical help of a legibly written short-hand, in which the eye can command so much at once), may far more nearly fulfil the practical results of good extempore preaching, than by attempting actually to preach without book. But I am digressing on this subject of extempore preaching. It was always an interesting one to me. I have often longed to practise the art myself. But more often have I despised it as exhibited by popular preachers, and have felt that *such* extempore speech would never be tolerated in Unitarian

pulpits. And I have concluded again and again in favour of that kind of preaching from written sermons which would *sound* like speaking if people did not see the manuscript in the preacher's hands or on his desk. Indeed, when this is not seen, how many good orthodox people take for extempore that which is merely *memoriter*, and which sounds so to the judicious ear!

The time of removal came, and then first I fully realized what it was to break the ties which bound me to the congregation and town of A. Verily, it was the full-grown tree being pulled up by the roots! If I could at first have realized all that it would be to me to leave those with whom I had been so long and happily, and I believe usefully, connected, I do not think any deliberate views of long-sighted usefulness, or ultimate success or advantage, would have prevailed over my living attachment to that place and its inhabitants. I was always capable of strong attachments both to places and to people. The phrenologist would perhaps have found *Inhabitativeness* strongly developed on my head; I know not; but the quality of local and personal attachment has found a very decided "manifestation" in my own consciousness whenever I have been put to the test. I seemed then first to become aware that I was really esteemed and valued, both in the congregation and beyond it. The days of "testimonials" were not yet (indeed, I never had a testimonial of any kind till my final retirement from public duty); but there was no want of means by which to manifest respect and regard whether in meeting or parting. The older people now expressed their regrets, mixed with the hope that the change "would be for my advantage." Some "did not know how they should be so well suited again." The young people who met in my Sunday classes made it a very sore parting for me the last time; and even my day-boys, into whom I had laboured hard to grind (not to flog) a decent portion of Latin and Greek, of Arithmetic, Grammar, &c., shewed me parting signs of regard and affection for which I had not given them or myself credit. Various little presents were the vehicles of these feelings; but no "testimonial." I am glad my time was before the Testimonial age. That which was presented to me under this formal title on my final retirement from public life seemed to say to me that the donors (the members of the Literary Society) were men of a new generation, or that I belonged to the past. But I received no parting testimonial even then from nearer and dearer friends. I should have felt hurt if my congregation had testimonIALIZED me for being past service. It is all well, in short, as a mode of distant compliment from miscellaneous people to a man prominent and useful in public life; but one does not like (I at least do not) to see the same formal and public mode of manifesting the warmer and more delicate feelings of near friendship. And when testimonials are continually hawked and advertised for presentation

not only to such public characters as the great farmer or cattle-breeder, the great fox-hunter or the great cricketer, but to the great stock-jobber, the great railway swindler, or anybody else who is great in anything, good or bad, one may be pardoned for wishing that one's own small merits in the nearer and more sacred intercourses of life should pass untestimonialized. When, as is often the case, these ceremonies are contrived for the purpose of patching up a quarrel or concealing it from public view, for smoothing over a difficulty or healing a sore, one is satisfied again to have lived out of their reach by having been beyond the need or occasion. So I left A. without a testimonial; but not altogether without some such "letters of commendation" as St. Paul in simpler times was accustomed to value when they were shewn on his behalf by his converts and other Christian friends: "the epistles written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God, not on tablets of stone, but on fleshly tablets of the heart." "Such trust had we through Christ to God-ward." And so I left my first congregational charge.

B., being a sea-port, presented new and strange sources of interest to me as an inlander hitherto, who had but once seen the sea and that for a short visit, such as were few and far between to families of moderate means before the days of railways and excursion tickets. There was a romance and mystery about the ships and their crews that never failed to charm me. To see men from foreign nations, with strange faces and dresses, and hear them speaking strange languages, and occasionally to pick up ideas from conversation with them in broken speech of theirs or mine, and more often from my intercourse with intelligent English captains and mates who traded to foreign countries; to watch the loading and unloading of vessels in the docks and on the quays, and thus see the actual processes of foreign trade going on before one's eyes,—were delightful experiences to a stay-at-home voyager like me. A fine ship, coming in or going out of harbour, is a graceful and animating sight in itself; but when it leads the thoughts of the observer across the wide ocean to the farthest parts of the earth, and palpably links them to the far East or West, to the frozen North or burning South, to fellow-countrymen at the Antipodes or strange customers in China, it is grander still in its associations than in its form. Soon I loved the very smell of tar, and understood the fascination which a sea-life (as beheld from port) exerted upon many a fine lad's imagination, leading him into what he presently felt to be but a homeless and wandering lot. It is well for society that such adventurous spirits abound; but it was my uniform experience to find even successful masters of vessels confessing themselves heartily tired of the sea before middle life, and desiring at the earliest possible period to retire from service and live quietly on shore, where they will rig up a mast with yards and shrouds,

flags and streamer all complete in their little garden, as you may see on the outskirts of B. or any other sea-port. The sailor's character was full of charms in my eyes, while full of weaknesses too. So brave, adventurous, generous and tender-hearted a class of men does not exist besides; nor any so random and careless, so improvident and wasteful. They are the handiest of mortals, capital cooks, good housemaids (for that word ought to be of both genders to include them) and first-rate nurses, full of resources, and able with the fewest or rudest tools to bring out the best results. Their sea-life teaches them all these attainments. Yet, strange to say, a sailor retired from sea-life seldom succeeds in anything else. Perhaps business-life is too regular for one who has been used to continual changes between leisure and hurried excitement, with each alternation of calm and storm. Perhaps his life of perpetual motion has disinclined him to live tied to one spot by business duties; though I did not find that, in point of fact, those who had retired and hoisted their own flag on roof or in garden were more locomotive than retired tradesmen or any others who had earned leisure for the rest of their lives. Some of the better order of sailors I found to be possessed of a peculiarly devotional spirit. One good old man I remember particularly, who had sailed to most quarters of the world as master of a good brig, and who was full of devotional recollections of the sights he had seen. And what he had seen when actually out at sea had apparently impressed him much more than anything in the many countries which he had visited. Probably this was attributable to the greater opportunity for quiet contemplation which he enjoyed at his helm by day or on his lonely watch by night, compared to the busy activity which required his attention while in port,—now at the custom-house, now with shippers and underwriters, if not also with mast-makers or caulkers doing him some repairs. At any rate, he seldom or never told me of the wonders of foreign countries; but he was never tired of expatiating on those of the sea and the sky. In his last illness and on his death-bed, these thoughts were his unfailing comfort and delight. His favourite Psalm (if not his favourite portion of Scripture, taking Old and New Testament throughout) was Psalm the hundred and seventh, which speaks of those “that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters.” “These see the works of the Lord,” would the old man exclaim with great emphasis, “and his wonders in the deep.” Then he would quote “the stormy wind lifting up the waves;” and the men “mounting up to the heaven and going down again to the depths,” their soul being “melted because of trouble;” and how “they reel to and fro” (till they find their sea-legs, you know, that is), “and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end.” “And then, the Psalmist says, they cry unto the Lord in their trouble” (and some p'raps never

cried to Him in fair weather), "and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm" (and the old man would grow eloquent with gentle tone and waving hand), "so that the waves thereof are still. Then they are glad because they be quiet; so He bringeth them unto their desired haven." And the old man looked as if he were himself coming gently into port with a favouring breeze, when he added with devotion and enthusiasm quite poetical: "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!" This was the devoutest sailor I was ever intimate with; but I knew many in whom the same high attributes of the soul were largely developed in connection with their professional experience.

The mercantile phase of life was also exhibited to me in my new position. And while those with whom I was best acquainted were models of mercantile honour, and enough of themselves to vindicate the influence of that mode of life upon the character, yet I deliberately formed the conclusion that, speaking more generally and with reference to the ordinary class of minds engaged in it, a life devoted exclusively to buying and selling is less calculated to afford healthy developement to the faculties of the human being, than that which is occupied also with the production or manufacture of the things which pass through the merchant's hands. The record of quantities and prices is simply mechanical. The power of judging qualities implies the diligent exercise and cultivation of the perceptive faculties, and so far gives real education to the mind. But the anticipation of the probable rise or fall of markets, is the most especial function of the merchant, on the correctness of which his own profits or losses depend, and by which the world's markets are equalized to the consumers, and the community is benefited. In this consists his service to his fellows and his own remuneration. *Periculosæ plenum opus aleæ!* Fortunes are gained or lost by a lucky or unlucky speculation. But judgment and high honour generally exempt a man from those mere chances of trade which go by the name of good and ill luck. And the characteristic office of the merchant as a speculator and equalizer of markets is a sharp test of character enough. The reckless credit-monger and gambler with others' property has fallen a victim to the temptations which mercantile life holds out; while, on the other hand, no position of life can give freer scope to high honour and manliness of character, where these qualities exist.

It seems to me that while manufactures, agriculture and other forms of productive industry, help to *form* the character, commercial life may be said rather to *put it to the test*. The processes of productive industry and contrivance furnish a more varied exercise for the active powers than belongs to the merchant's counting-house and warehouse. The characteristic difference

between the two classes of influence is seen reflected on a large scale in the English and American characters respectively. The latter are more characteristically a nation of merchants, the former of manufacturers. To say the Americans are the *better* merchants would be to yield up the point which I am bent on illustrating. They are perhaps the more shrewd buyers and sellers, the *smartest* of bargainers, and the most adventurous, rash and desperate of speculators. Mercantile speculation, as every one knows, runs riot in America faster and farther than in England. The temptations of mercantile life are thus exhibited in its resulting vices. The test of character proves many to be unworthy. And the national character itself was once lost by repudiation. I drew the same conclusion by comparing mercantile life with industrial life in England as to their influences on character. Of course, manufacturing industry has, in turn, its specific temptations; but they are of the same general character as those of mercantile life; such as falsification of quality, value or quantity. Its greater safety lies in its other occupations of mind and hand, in fastening the attention upon natural substances and their qualities, their modes of production and transmutation. I would not bring a boy up to mercantile life unless I felt confident both of his high principle and of his prudence, sobriety and cautiousness of mind, which may protect him from the fascinations of wild and illegitimate speculation. A boy of sanguine temperament and imaginative power, ambitious and showy, would be in a much safer way to the probable realization of competent wealth if devoted to the steady operations of agriculture or manufacture, than if launched on the wide sea of commercial speculation. This is another palpable way of expressing what I mean, when I say I consider industrial life the safer discipline of character, and commercial its sharper test.

Among the mercantile men in the congregation was one old gentleman who was delighted to initiate me (as he thought) into the principles and practice of commercial life, or to find that I was capable of appreciating them. He had formed, I found, rather a low opinion of "the cloth," from having once heard one of my predecessors preach a sermon (when corn was at a very high price, I believe) in which he had laid it down as Christian duty that the dealers should sell the article at a moderate profit upon its original cost to them. This the old gentleman (who was a corn importer) knew quite well to be absurd; for if he sold his corn in that foolish way, the buyer would gain the extra profit instead of him, and that would be all,—not forgetting that he was not guaranteed the same moderate profit upon his importations in case of a fall in the market. He was quite delighted that I could understand this as clearly as himself; and paid me the compliment of saying I was fit to be a merchant, which he thought very few ministers were. Then we had some talk about

the laws that govern prices, and quite agreed about the ratio of supply and demand. Nor, I think, were we far apart in our general ideas on the limits of legitimate credit and honourable speculation. But when I expressed my regret, as a political economist and as a friend of the poor, at the existence of an arbitrary law which widened the natural margin of speculation almost into gambling, in regard to bread, the prime necessary of life, I found the old gentleman was by no means certain that the corn law (the old sliding-scale of so many years preceding Sir Robert Peel's legislation) had the effect of enhancing the price of bread on the whole. He was in the trade, and he ought to know better than any theoretical economist. He thought the existing law tended to equalize the supply. He doubted whether there would be motive sufficient to induce merchants to import when corn was abundant abroad, unless higher chances of profit were offered than would exist under a merely natural system of commerce. Good old man! How he had deceived himself! And how the Corn-law had deceived him! He had lived under it, and worked with it, till he believed it was the cause of corn growing in Poland. The same Corn-law ruined him soon after, when a good harvest supervened upon his law-encouraged importation of an extraordinary supply of wheat, and he did not live to try the natural system of ordinary risks and moderate profits.

I am restrained from describing the congregation at B. with the degree of personal minuteness which I allowed myself in speaking of my settlement at A., by the simple consideration of the difference of time. Many, perhaps most, of my friends there survive in person or else in near kindred, and I could not with propriety speak of them, even with the customary aid of initials or asterisks. I cannot imitate as an autobiographer the liberties of this kind which recent biographers have been found to take. Not that I have the celebrity which may have belonged to the subjects of their memoirs, but that I would not take the liberties with my friends for my own gratification, which they have taken with the friends of their heroes and heroines. I enter my solemn protest against a practice which seems to be on the increase; the only plea for which is the necessity of filling the ever gaping jaws of that greedy monster the easy-reading public. Formerly memoir-writers held all connected memories sacred till time had buried all who could be hurt by the contemplated disclosures. Now, *nous avons changé tout cela*. But not for the better, I think. I shall not imitate, therefore, where I deliberately and seriously condemn. But I have various interesting facts to mention, not involving personal detail, and suggestive of important hints to ministers and congregations, in connection with my residence at B., which I must reserve for another chapter.

ORR ON THEISM.*

PALEY's *Natural Theology* is not superseded. It has been before the public for more than half a century: during that time much has been written and printed on both sides of the question; but no atheist has refuted its arguments, no theist has produced a work that has thrown it into the shade. It holds to this day the high place in the esteem of scientific men, of theologians, and of the general public, which it took on its first appearance. It is still the book which any religious and well-informed person would put into the hand of a friend whose mind had been unfortunately disturbed by doubts with respect to the being and attributes of God. We are fully sensible of the great merit of Dr. Crombie's treatise on *Natural Theology*; Dr. Turton's has also great merit; and so have several of the treatises included in the Bridgewater series. We very gladly recognize the value of Mr. Orr's book which has just issued from the press. Still we are bound to say, Paley is not superseded. Mr. Orr's book, excellent and valuable as it is, is chiefly valuable, not as a substitute for Paley's *Natural Theology*, but as a supplement to it; and in this point of view we believe it will be found useful. It is well known that the Archdeacon prided himself on being pre-eminently a practical man. The utilitarian spirit of his own *Moral Philosophy*, he made the guiding star and compass of his literary life. He found a certain tendency to question the existence of a designing and superintending Deity beginning to manifest itself in society. He met direct scepticism by direct argument. Never before were the leading proofs of the operation of an intelligent First Cause more judiciously selected, more clearly stated, or more logically combined. But having done this, he was satisfied. He eschewed metaphysical refinements. He reasoned strongly and clearly; but he left his *mode of reasoning* to defend itself. His success has in a great measure compelled atheism to change its tactics. It seldom now attempts to question the facts in the system of nature which are alleged as proofs of a Great Designing Mind; nor does it affect to deny that these facts are such as *would naturally flow* from wise and benevolent contrivance. But they contend that no facts can *prove* the existence of an invisible and impalpable contriver. In the words of one who has renounced the pious sentiments which her youth was spent in enforcing,—and which, as enforced by her pen, brought comfort to thousands of human hearts,—they say to every argument of design, “We know nothing beyond law—*do we?*” They dwell on the inherent difficulties of the theme. They nibble at proofs with which they are unable to

* Theism: a Treatise on God, Providence and Immortality. By John Orr. 8vo. Pp. 406. London—Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 1857.

grapple. They advance every fact which seems either to weaken the theistical inference, or to lead to a contrary conclusion. To every such fact they give all possible prominence and importance; and finally they seek to escape from the most obvious deductions from acknowledged facts, by endeavouring to prove that the whole subject is beyond the grasp of our minds; that we can know nothing about it. They cast off all religion under the modest plea that they are unwilling to dogmatize on a theme which lies beyond their powers. It is right that these pretences should be met, sifted and exposed. Mr. Orr has met them, sifted them and exposed them. He has done it ably; and notwithstanding some peculiarities of style, which a little experience in writing will soon lead him to correct, he has done it clearly and efficiently. In our opinion, he has performed good service to a holy cause, and given promise of much usefulness in this and other fields of theological speculation. We do not mean to imply that Mr. Orr has confined himself to the defence of the argument for Final Causes, or the refutation of atheistical objections. He has not only defended the argument, but has handled it, and handled it well, though briefly. He has not only refuted the objections of the atheistical writers whom he has reviewed, but has established his own conclusions by clear and cogent reasonings. Still we think the great merit of the work lies in the ability with which it applies itself to those branches of the question to which Paley did not address himself at all, or did so not formally, but incidentally. It is needful that doubts and difficulties, however old, which are presented in a new shape, should be encountered in the form in which they last present themselves, else some may suppose that no answer can be found.

Mr. Orr thus states the subject of his volume :

"The term 'Theism' describes that scheme which accounts for the world and man, upon the assumption of a primary intelligence. Atheism is the negative of Theism. . . .

"'Theism,' however, designates not only a theory of creation, but [of] the ground of human duty. As a theory of creation it affirms but one capital truth,—that of a God: as the source of duty it comprehends three,—those of a God, of Providence, and of Immortality. Its theoretic ground, as a matter of doctrine, is the fact of a God; its practical enforcement, as an influence upon morals, is contained principally in the doctrines of Providence and Immortality. Comprehensively, then, the term 'Theism' describes the scheme which affirms a God, Providence and Immortality; as, on the other hand, 'Atheism' describes the scheme which denies a God, Providence and Immortality. In this volume we shall understand 'Theism' in its comprehensive sense."—P. 18.

On the subject of Immortality, Mr. Orr has a chapter,—the eleventh in his book,—which is one of the many points in which he usefully supplements Paley. The latter has devoted to this

grand question only the last three pages of his *Natural Theology*. We conceive that Mr. Orr has done right in laying before his readers a clear view of the present state of the argument from nature in favour of the resurrection of the human dead; but he does not profess to do more than remove the objections of gain-sayers, and establish a probability, which, though not sufficient of itself to satisfy the mind, will prepare it for accepting the clearer light thrown upon the subject by the Christian revelation.

Another very useful portion of the work before us is the sketch which it contains of the various atheistic philosophies of the day. We have been favourably impressed, in reading the strictures on these, with the writer's candour, both in stating the arguments and in estimating the intellectual character of the authors whom he criticises. The reader will find neither sneer nor sarcasm, neither misrepresentation nor railing at adversaries. Mr. Orr seems to give to every one credit for sincerity, and meets in an earnest spirit what he *presumes* has been urged with a serious mind. Of M. Comte, the author of the *Philosophie Positive*, Mr. Orr has formed a much higher estimate than any thing that we have seen from his pen would lead us to adopt. After describing the various phases of pantheism,—mystical and philosophical, spiritual and material,—all of which Mr. Orr justly treats as atheisms disguised or undisguised, he next discusses the forms of anti-theism which at present prevail most extensively, and which he describes under the titles of "Secularism," the Atheism of "Positive Philosophy," and "Transcendentalism." Of the first he speaks as follows:

"For SECULARISM, which, as the product of our own land, we shall first examine, Holyoake is responsible in every sense of the term. It was he that brought it into systematic form, that organized its propaganda, that assigned its name; and in its controversies with established doctrine, he is its one representative of mark. The *Reasoner*, a weekly periodical conducted by him, is the accredited organ of 'Secularism' before the world. And in reference to Holyoake we take the present opportunity of saying that we have no feeling except that of respect for his character and admiration for his ability. Brought up under a most repulsive form of orthodoxy, and prosecuted for a hasty expression, we are permitted to behold in his aberrations a reaction against superstition, strengthened, perhaps, by a sense of wrong. John Angell James, of Birmingham, made Holyoake an atheist: Judge Erskine, at Gloucester, who sentenced him to six months' imprisonment for blasphemy, confirmed him in his atheism. With all our abhorrence of his opinions, we cannot but give this testimony to the character and ability of this remarkable man.

"By the term 'Secularism,' Holyoake intends to describe something different from blank atheism. 'Atheism' designates the scheme which, in the world's opinion at least, repudiates both morality and religion; and, as Holyoake does not reject morality, he disowns the ancient and dishonouring name as descriptive of his views. He calls himself a

'Secularist' and not an 'Atheist.' By the term 'Secularism' we are to understand, then, a scheme which asserts the obligations of morality, though it denies a God. 'Atheism' is a complete negation; 'Secularism' is negative only to the supernatural.

"With that modesty which is so characteristic of modern atheism, Holyoake says that his views are atheistic, not in the sense of denying, but only in that of disbelieving in a God,—denial implying a perfect knowledge to the contrary, which knowledge, of course, he could not possess. His atheism consequently is sceptical: though from the sceptical attitude he occasionally passes over into the dogmatic; as, for example, when he says that no imaginable order, no contrivance, however mechanical, precise or clear, could make him a theist."—Pp. 29, 30.

We give the foregoing as a specimen of Mr. Orr's treatment of the opinions and characters of those whom he opposes: for his manner of replying to their arguments, we must refer to his book. Indeed, an extract would not do justice to a consecutive train of thought, of which we could only lay a small portion before the reader, and which is, for the most part, so concisely stated as not to admit of abridgment. The attentive student will be struck with the number and importance of the points in which the ancient atheists have been deserted by their modern imitators. In all these battle-fields the victory of theism is not doubtful; for it is admitted by its enemies themselves: nor will the new objections that have been substituted for the old be found a whit more tenable. "Transcendentalism," for example, is a new phase of the atheistical philosophy; and of this transcendentalism, Mr. Emerson is perhaps the most admired and celebrated exponent. Yet, we ask not what *logic*, but what *sense*,—what that is not *nonsense*,—is contained in the following response of the oracle?—"We live in succession, in division, in parts, in particles. Meanwhile, within man is the soul of the whole: the wise silence; the universal beauty to which every part and particle is equally related; the ETERNAL ONE. And this deep power in which we exist, and whose beatitude is all accessible to us, is not only self-sufficing and perfect in every hour,—but the act of seeing and the thing seen, the seen and the spectacle, the subject and the object, are one."—"The wise silence!" The senseless gabble, we say. Yet "the wise silence" may have its meaning. In the man who can utter such balderdash, silence would have been wise. He adds, "The simplest person who in his integrity worships God, becomes God!" This, we suppose, was put in to save, beforehand, those who worship the writers of such *platitudes*, as some silly people seem disposed to do, from the imputation of idolatry.

Agreeing entirely with Mr. Orr in his rejection of the *à-priori* argument of Clarke, Fiddes, Turretine and Hamilton,—an argument which was ignored by Paley, and has been expressly repudiated by Cudworth, Reid, Crombie, Dugald Stewart, and other

decided advocates of theism,—we nevertheless think that he has devoted too much space to the statement of his objections to that mode of proof. A sentence or two, or a paragraph, in his text, and a few illustrative remarks in a note or a short appendix, would have saved his readers' time and answered every useful purpose. We think, besides, that the end would have been here and elsewhere more readily attained by the choice of a popular, rather than of a technical and scholastic phraseology. Indeed, the chief fault of Mr. Orr's style is the too frequent adoption of words and phrases which have not entered into the common speech of the English people,—which are not understood except by those who are familiar with German metaphysicians, or writers who, like Coleridge, Carlyle and Emerson, ape the Germans. If he wishes to reach our plain English minds, he should speak to us in our good mother English tongue: the want of it will be a drawback to his book.

In handling the Design-argument, which the atheists call "creating a mechanical God," Mr. Orr is brief; yet he touches upon a great variety of topics, and shews himself to be well acquainted with the most recent discoveries and generalizations of natural science. In discussing the evidence arising from the prevalence of order and typical conformity in the works of nature, which he calls the "cosmological argument," and that arising out of the adaptations of the parts of organized beings to each other, and of all to a benevolent purpose, he is able to draw his illustrations from Col. Reid's exposition of the Law of Storms, Col. Sabine's researches on Magnetic Disturbances, Liebig's discoveries in Chemistry, the investigations of Oken and Owen on the Structure of Animal Bodies, those of M'Cosh and Dickie on the Homologies of Plants; and in fact there are few departments of the works of nature which he has not laid under contribution, and from which he has not extracted valuable testimony to the presiding mind of the Great Architect.* Most of the discoveries which Mr. Orr enlists in the service of religion, having been made during

* We are somewhat surprised to observe, in this part of the book, an incorrect citation of the best known passage in Paley's *Natural Theology*,—one, too, about which there has been a great deal of literary controversy. It is given thus: "In crossing a heath," says Paley, "suppose I pitched my foot against a stone, and were asked how the stone came to be there, I might answer, *without confutation*, that it had lain there for ever,"—inasmuch as its several parts indicate no contrivance. In this, however, as crystallography has shewn, Paley was mistaken." (*Theism*, p. 148.) But Paley has not said this: he was far too thoughtful a writer to commit himself to a statement so sweeping and incautious. What he really says is, "I might *possibly* answer, that *for anything I knew to the contrary*, it had lain there for ever: nor would it, *perhaps*, be very easy to shew the absurdity of this answer." He does not say that the suggested answer would not admit of confutation; but that it is not every one who could shew, or shew without difficulty, "the absurdity" which it involves. This sentence is the most generally known in Paley's whole book; it is what he would himself have called "a white bear;" and we are surprised that Mr. Orr, who is usually extremely careful in his references, should have overlooked it.

the last ten or twelve years, it will be seen at a glance that each fact is a real addition to the strength of the evidence as stated by Dr. Paley. And this is of great importance; for it not only adds the force of accumulation to the proof,—which, even as it stood, was quite sufficient to convince,—but it shews that religion has nothing to fear from the discoveries of science. The more perseveringly Nature has been questioned, the more distinctly has she attested the wisdom and goodness of her Author. But the great stress of the proof undoubtedly lies on the arguments drawn from *adaptation*; the adjustments of Nature; the skilful mechanism which she displays; and the benevolent uses which her mechanism uniformly subserves. Here also we find many things that strike us as, in this connection, new and original. Indeed, nothing can be more apparent from the whole book than that Mr. Orr is a man of independent thought, who has vigorously applied his mind to his theme, and who even in travelling a beaten road has opened up new and interesting views, which will well repay the explorer's time and labour. We take the following almost at a venture :

“We have already found strange numerical ratios in chemical combinations; such combinations display *benevolence* no less than they do *order*. The elements of bodies unite in definite proportions. Salt, for example, is an invariable compound of 23 parts of chlorine to 35.5 of sodium; pure water has never either more or less than two elements, and these combined in an unchanging ratio. If chemical combinations, however, were like mechanical aggregations,—indefinite,—uniting in any proportion,—what would be the result? In partaking of our common articles of food, we should daily be disappointed and disgusted, and in the end very likely poisoned. If the salt referred to were an indeterminate compound, consisting of various ingredients, or of the same ingredients in different proportions,—at one time it would be a salubrious condiment; at another, a cathartic; at a third, simply a nauseous drug; in certain circumstances, it likely would be a poison. The slightest alteration in the elements would cause a thorough change in the properties of the compound. If chemical combinations, then, were indeterminate, salt only occasionally would be salt; water only occasionally would be water; our best selected diet would frequently be loathsome; in gratifying our appetite we should endanger our life. The law of chemical equivalents then is to the organic what the law of gravitation is to the inorganic world,—a condition of security, the source of preservation.”—Pp. 169, 170.

The following remark also, from the chapter on Providence, seems to us both new and just :

“The magnitude of the theatre upon which the operations of history have been carried on,—the centuries that have elapsed since the experiment of social life commenced, render our present civilization of great importance, as a manifestation of providential wisdom. The slightest defect in the original constitution of society, the absence of a single one of a thousand necessary adjustments, would, ere the lapse of six thousand

years, have been aggravated into a source of absolute disorganization. In a lengthened mathematical calculation, the mistake of a unit in the beginning is the mistake of millions in the conclusion. The want of a single tooth in its most insignificant wheel, would dislocate a complicated machine. And in the world, which has lasted millions of years since its own creation, and thousands of years since the creation of man,—and in which the action of the individual is felt in the general prosperity, and is perpetuated through future ages,—the smallest aboriginal element of mischief, multiplying in its influence through many generations, would annihilate the harmonies and defeat the purposes of the whole system. The mole-hill of the first century would be the mountain of the present day: the inconvenience of Adam and his immediate successors would be destruction to certain of his remote posterity. And the amount of intelligence required for the sufficient conduct of our sublunary economy will appear to be perfectly overwhelming, when we remember the uncertainty of political vaticination. Our knowledge of any department of science is tested, as Comte affirms, by our capacity for prediction; and yet, except in their broadest characteristics, how little can we prophesy of social changes! Our most matured legislation is but experiment. The influence of a new enactment baffles the calculations of our experienced statesmen. In our endeavour to benefit, we frequently mar social prosperity. How great, then, must be the wisdom, how inconceivable the resources of Him, who, in the night of ages, appointed the programme of human history, and who through all the multifariousness of its productive forces, its frequent revolutions, the disturbance of human sin, has not only preserved it from dissolution, but advanced it forward in the march of civilization!"—Pp. 279, 280.

We have nearly reached the limit to which it would be consistent with the design of this Magazine to extend our notice of this work. We had marked many other passages, some for comment, some for extract. We had especially desired to notice the chapter on the existence of Evil, which appears to us one of the most important in the whole volume. But we must forbear. Indeed, we fear that the disjointed extracts which we have already cited will give to our readers no adequate conception of the contents or reasoning of the work from which they are taken. They, and our occasional remarks, will however sufficiently indicate the value which we attach to this work. We regard it as filling up a void in our theological literature, and as an important contribution to the science on which it treats. The author is too outspoken in his occasional references to some tenets of the popular orthodoxy to expect that his work will command an immediately extensive sale; but those who can tolerate a departure from the stereotyped forms of opinion, for the sake of liberty and truthfulness, will peruse it with interest and edification,—to the increase, we trust, of faith and hope.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.*

It is the favourite philosophy of some men that we live in an age of mere *shams*, and that pretenders to wisdom and mere simulators of virtue are the kind of persons whom the world permits to rule it. We are not inclined to subscribe to this unamiable philosophy. What all sane and good men want is *reality*. We do not believe that the mass of mankind are baulked and cheated in their search for the real. There are indeed in every rank and profession pretenders enough and to spare. None are more visibly such than those who would cheaply get the reputation of earnestness by decrying all but themselves as triflers or pretenders. There never was an age of the world entirely without its good, earnest, essentially real men. Such men are the stars, the planets set by the Creator in the moral firmament to shine in the hours of darkness. Decried as our own age is, it is not without its true and noble-hearted men, whose talents and virtues uphold the intellectual and moral standard of humanity, and prove that the world is not given over to fanatics and knaves and *charlatans*. One of the great men whose light has most recently risen on our social horizon is the brave and wise Christian missionary, David Livingstone, who has of late attracted so large a share of public attention in England, from the Monarch, the Universities and Town Councils, down to the humblest of the zealous and worthy persons who furnish the staple of our missionary meetings. The volume of which we give the title below is a remarkable production, very creditable to the literary talents of a man who for sixteen years has been toiling to instruct, or travelling amongst, the inhabitants of South Africa, and whose ear has heard far more of the jabber of Makololo and other negroes than of pure English; still more honourable to him as the record of a life of self-denial and noble Christian enterprize. The book has abundant internal proofs of genuineness. The simplicity, good sense and evident truthfulness of the author, blunt the edge of the old dull sarcasm of "travellers' tales," ready to the tongue of the simpleton who receives with scornful incredulity the narrative of everything which has not fallen out before his observant eyes and sagacious mind. This book is in the hands of everybody who can in these bad times afford to spend a guinea on a single volume, or who has the good fortune to get it from Mudie, his Reading Society or the Village Library. The general reader goes to it for its

* Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa; including a Sketch of Sixteen Years' Residence in the Interior of Africa, and a Journey from the Cape of Good Hope to Loanda, on the West Coast; thence across the Continent, down the River Zambesi, to the Eastern Ocean. By David Livingstone, LL.D., D.C.L., &c. &c. With Portrait, Maps by Arrowsmith, and numerous Illustrations. 8vo. Pp. 687. London—Murray.

series of strange experiences and wild adventures; the student of natural history, for its accurate and discriminating details of the shrubs, trees, birds, beasts, fishes and reptiles of Africa; the ethnologist, for its descriptions of God's image cut in ebony; the Christian philanthropist, to learn how Christ's holy gospel may be best taught to the millions of heathens who still sit in darkness; and some who care for none of these things go to it to learn how they may best turn an honest penny, and by beads or red calico get in barter the largest amount of gold dust, or ivory, or indigo, from Afric's swarthy sons.

Not the least valuable part of this book is the account, as modest as it is picturesque, which the author gives of himself. To this we propose in the present article to confine our attention.

David Livingstone was born in Scotland. His forefathers were humble cultivators of the soil in Ulva, one of the Western islands. His great-grandfather was, in common with all his clansmen, a Jacobite, and fell in the Stuart cause at the battle of Culloden. His early ancestors were Roman Catholics. The clan was, however, converted to Protestantism in a somewhat singular manner. The chief of the clan went round and gave the word of command that Protestantism was to supersede Popery. He was attended on the occasion by a follower bearing a yellow staff, to which the docile clansmen seem to have attributed a symbolic and mysterious efficacy. It attracted more attention than his teaching; for long afterwards, Livingstone says, the new religion went by the name of "*the religion of the yellow stick.*" Before we laugh at these poor semi-heathens, let us be sure that there are not, in these days of light and advanced Protestantism, men whose conception of religion, whether they range themselves under a red or an orange banner, is, not that it is a spiritual influence to make them godly and Christ-like, to help them to restrain their passions and love their neighbour as themselves, but that it is at once a party badge and a weapon of offence, whereby the man with the religion of the orange stick may insult and strike the man of the religion of the *red* or the *black* stick.

But Livingstone tells us of one of his ancestors whose religious ideas took a practical turn, not unworthy of imitation in our own day. His dying admonition to his children was, "The traditions of our family, with which I am familiar, say that amongst our ancestors no dishonest man was ever known. If, therefore, you or your children turn aside to knavery, it is not because it runs in our blood. It does not belong to you. My precept—that of a dying man—to you is, 'Be honest.'" A coat of arms with a motto like this would be something worth having. But without going to the College of Heralds, this descendant of the Ulva farmer, we believe, has the principle in his heart, and illustrates it in his life. Livingstone's grandfather found the paternal farm too small to maintain an increasing family, and, removing to the

lowlands, he settled in the vicinity of the Blantyre Works, a cotton manufactory on the banks of the Clyde. His father, a worthy man, who died not two years ago, earned an honest but scanty maintenance for his family as a tea-dealer. During their early years, he was a member of the Scottish Kirk, but afterwards joined an Independent church at Hamilton. He was a fine specimen of his class,—a little austere, but thoroughly earnest and consistent, devout and practically holy,—one of that race of godfearing peasants of which the type is given with equal beauty and truth in “*The Cotter’s Saturday Night*” of Robert Burns. Livingstone’s mother was the thrifty, painstaking Scottish wife, keeping the hearthstone clean and bright, and by her industry and prudence making both ends meet, and keeping down by her frugal skill every appearance of squalid poverty. A better training, to fit him for his life of toil and enable him to overcome in his several African households domestic difficulties, Livingstone could not have had. But what is told us of this young Scotchman’s early literary training? The few particulars given us are deeply interesting and suggestive. They shew us David Livingstone struggling onwards through the difficulties of humble birth, poverty and early toil, in the pursuit of knowledge; gaining, and in no stinted measure, that priceless treasure; and by his perseverance and virtue earning a right to be placed among the Fergusons, Brindleys, Franklins, Stephensons, and other men who have won their way through difficulties and hardships to success and distinction.

In one respect David Livingstone enjoyed an advantage which the men just named lacked, the assistance of a good schoolmaster, who was in part supported by the Company of the Blantyre Works. He was attentive, kind and skilful, and his charges so moderate that few were kept out of his school who wished to learn. A more eager scholar than Livingstone he could not have had, and the master did him ample justice. It is pleasant to learn that this good man is still living. How grateful his emotions on surveying the career of his pupil, and especially in reading the well-earned tribute of respect to himself paid him by a man whom the world now delights to honour! The circumstance should encourage that often ill rewarded, but most useful, class of men, village schoolmasters. Let them be faithful to their trust, and it may be their privilege to help and win the gratitude of pupils whose praises may be a lasting distinction which nobles might covet. But the course of knowledge, like that of true love, seldom runs smooth. The poverty of the Livingstone family sent him of necessity into the factory. At ten years of age, then, behold David Livingstone a “piecer” in the Blantyre cotton-mill. No Short-time Act then protected children from being overtaken, or secured them equal time for school and mill. Over fourteen hours per diem, from six in the morning

to eight at night, was his labour spread. Happily, it did not exhaust his strength or daunt his determination to learn. With that portion of his first week's wages which was under his own control, he bought a Latin Grammar, "*Ruddiman's Rudiments*," and armed with that he proudly entered the night-school of his worthy teacher, who continued his labours from eight till ten. Not even then, after sixteen hours of labour, first of body, then of mind, was this young Scotchman over-done. Midnight often found him poring over his task, and at that hour, if his good mother did not snatch away his book, he would continue his studies. He became a fair Latin scholar, and at sixteen could read Virgil and Horace. But not to Latin nor to school tasks was his reading confined. With the exception of novels, he devoured everything that came before him or within his reach in the shape of a book. The works of his especial choice were books of science and of travels. Here a difficulty arose which nothing short of David Livingstone's enthusiastic love of knowledge could have subdued. His father, worthy man, sufficiently pleased to see his son's love of knowledge, had his own ideas as to the kind of books which ought chiefly to engage his attention. Science he looked upon as no handmaid to religious truth, and he sternly tried to substitute for David's favourite books, "*Boston's Fourfold State*," the "*Cloud of Witnesses*," and other religious manuals in vogue amongst pious Scotchmen five-and-twenty years ago. If the father was unyielding as a confessor, the son had already the spirit of a martyr to science. A Scottish father wielded the rod in those days as a religious duty, and his conscience, moulded more on the Old than the New Testament, would have sorely pricked him had he through any false tenderness spared the rod. The last act of parental discipline of this kind of which David Livingstone was the victim, was when he rose in rebellion against parental authority and refused to read a very dull book written by the late Mr. Wilberforce and not very justly entitled "*Practical Christianity*." Many good men have made the mistake of David Livingstone's father, and supposed that they could by "*stripes*," whether more or less than "*forty save one*," drive religion into man. He distinctly tells us that he at least would not be flogged into "*Practical Christianity*;" for he says that his "*dislike to dry doctrinal reading, and to religious reading of every sort, continued for years afterwards*." The wonder almost is, that, after such an experience of religious zeal, he ever became a devotedly religious man. His first real attraction to religious thoughts was when perusing those admirable books of the late Dr. Thos. Dick, "*The Philosophy of Religion*" and the "*Philosophy of a Future State*," which served to convince him that Philosophy and Religion were not hostile powers, but natural allies.

The mill at which David "*pieced*" the broken yarn was not

conducted with that strict discipline now thought essential in our factories; for he found or made the opportunity of a little intellectual "piecing," putting his book on a portion of the spinning-jenny, catching word after word and sentence after sentence as he followed the spinning machine. There, too, he acquired a valuable power in the conduct of the understanding, that of carrying on unbroken trains of thought in spite of outward disturbances. The iron monster around him might champ and roar and hiss, but the little "piecer" went on steadily with his mental work, evolving some tangled Latin passage, or pursuing some scientific calculation. In after life he found this habit useful, enabling him to write his journals amid the noise of children and the shouts and merriment of dancing savages. During his teens, David Livingstone enlarged in many directions his knowledge: botany, geology, astronomy, and the now exploded delusions of astrology, in turn attracted his active mind. It was doubtless good for his health that he was by the study of nature sometimes led abroad and induced to scour the hill-sides in search of plants and simples, and to climb rocks and explore quarries in search of geological specimens. If five-and-twenty years ago, when books were scarce and dear, when there were few mechanics' institutions, no free libraries and no free lectures, to stimulate and assist the ambition of the humble student, David Livingstone opened for himself so many portals to the temple of knowledge, what with their better opportunities may not our working men now effect? If they will but use their advantages, they may hereafter be enabled to look back even on the pinching severities of "short time," and its consequent scant wage, as a season of great intellectual progress, and of acquirements that helped and adorned their whole after life. For nine years David pieced away at the jenny and his book, and then got the coveted promotion and became a spinner. He describes himself at this period as "a slim, loose-jointed lad." The work was hard, but the wage was large. His frugal and virtuous habits enabled him to put by a large portion received at every reckoning. A noble ambition had now entered his soul, and to gratify it he toiled month after month as eagerly as any spinner to get a good reckoning-day at Whitsuntide or the Wakes. David Livingstone had now admitted to his heart the holy, life-giving influences of religion. In the glow of benevolence which the religion of the Saviour inspired, he resolved to devote his life to the alleviation of human misery. His early purpose was to become a pioneer of Christianity in China. To qualify himself for that dangerous office, he resolved to obtain some knowledge of medicine and surgery, in the hope that the skill with which he might heal the bodies of the heathens to whom he was preparing to devote himself, might open out opportunities to him, as a disciple of the Great Physician, of serving their spiritual necessities. The spirit

of self-sacrifice thus early displayed by Livingstone, ought to win the admiring wonder even of irreligious men. They sometimes impute a base motive where charity might suppose a good one, and are apt to say that men devote themselves to the ministerial life and to missionary work to better their means of living. They will scarcely say that of David Livingstone. When he dedicated himself to the life of a missionary, he had practically conquered the difficulties of his early lot. Success then awaited him in any path of life which he might choose. His moral habits were formed; his intellectual powers were developed. Had he chosen trade, wealth would certainly have been within his grasp; had he devoted himself to a profession, distinction and wealth too might have been his. The piecer lad, who went to his book after thirteen hours in the factory, and out of his first hard-earned wage found wherewithal to buy a grammar, had in reality conquered every difficulty. After this, nothing would be too hard for him.

Let the young lay to heart the moral of this true and instructive story. *C'est le premier pas qui coute.* The early steps decide the after journey of life. The youth is father to the man. Is there ambition in thy heart, oh young man!—above all, the ambition of usefulness?—indulge not in day-dreams, but devote yourself at once to work; do not wait till manhood to achieve success. Win it at once. By self-denial, industry and unflinching perseverance in doing the *duty* of to-day, lay the sure foundations of to-morrow's *honour*. To English ears it may sound strange to hear of a man a factory-spinner or a hewer of wood to-day, and a member of an University to-morrow. In Scotland such things do occasionally happen. When the writer of this article was a student in the University of Glasgow, there were two men six feet high passing through the classes, who won by the sweat of their brow in a saw-pit in the summer the means of spending the winter months at college. And it may be mentioned to the honour of the youth of that University, that these men thus struggling for knowledge against all but overwhelming difficulties, and often betraying their unavoidable deficiencies, were treated by them with unfailing respect and sympathy—more so than they were by one or two of the Professors. When reading the memoir of Livingstone, and finding that he fought his way through the Greek and medical classes of Glasgow in a similar manner, saving by seven or eight months' spinning what supported him as a student during the remainder of the year, the writer remembered with pleasure that one of his friends at college was an amiable youth struggling with like difficulties, who won his way to his degree, but would have been stopped short of that honour but for the kindness of the English students, who cheerfully subscribed the amount of the necessary fees. Livingstone gained his honours by his own honest labour, and was, after a

searching examination, admitted a Licentiate of Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons. During his medical studies he was also reading theology with the late Dr. Wardlaw.

On reviewing the privations of his early life, Dr. Livingstone expressed thankfulness that a life of toil formed a material part of his early education; and had he to choose his life afresh, he would wish, he said, to begin it in the same lowly condition and to pass through the same hardy training. Another feeling that the review of his life in Scotland suggested was, respect for the characters of the inhabitants of his native village. They were, he says, generally characterized by intelligence, morality and honesty; they felt kindly towards each other; and they cherished grateful respect for the gentry around them who shewed any confidence in their sense of honour. This was the character of the inhabitants of a small manufacturing village. The same elements of character are to be found in many manufacturing districts. Let the reliable experience and testimony of Livingstone weigh against the prejudices of those who, knowing nothing personally of the people who toil amidst smoke and in conjunction with the steam-engine, suppose that, because they are plain in their manners and somewhat blunt in speech, they lack good morals and kind feelings.

Livingstone had connected himself with the London Missionary Society, an institution which he says attracted him to it by its perfectly unsectarian character. It sends to the heathen neither Episcopacy, nor Presbyterianism, nor Independency, but the Gospel of Christ. And now that he had qualified himself for the life of a missionary, he found the field of labour which he had desired unexpectedly closed against him by the breaking out of the Opium war. Africa, however, at that time, through the labours of Mr. Moffat, attracted his attention; and after devoting himself for a while to theological study in England, he embarked in the year 1840 for Cape Town, as an agent of the Missionary Society. After a voyage of three months, he reached the great port of South Africa, and thence he proceeded to Algoa Bay, and from that place commenced a series of missionary journeys and labours and scientific researches which occupied him for the next sixteen years, and of which the record is now before us, and must form the subject of a second article.

M. RONGE ON THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE CATHOLIC
AND PROTESTANT REFORM COMMUNITIES OF GERMANY.*

WHEN I stated in my first article that the new religious movement in Germany had been prepared by the works of our great poets, by the general cultivation of science, and by philosophy and theology in particular, I must be understood to mean a theoretical and intellectual preparation, and that the minds of those who had outgrown the old Church system by their higher cultivation, took up first prominently a negative stand to the old Churches, than that they had endeavoured to realize the higher religious ideas and principles they had arrived at by organizing a Church accordingly, and so breaking off all connection with the old Church governments. This is proved by the fact, that criticism of the oriental dogmas and priestly authority began to prevail, especially since Strauss had published his work, "The Life of Christ." It is, however, incorrect to believe that all those who have read or studied the work of Strauss, and similar writers, or who were induced by it to examine more deeply the Church dogmas, had shared the opinions of this author. The notions of German rationalism and negative theology which are spread in this country by a fanatic priest party are exceedingly erroneous and superficial. Before a man or a nation can attain to a higher degree of religious culture, they must naturally dissolve the forms of a former period of religious culture, as a youth and a man will first examine the forms of belief of boyhood, before they gain loftier religious notions. Out of vigorous scientific discussion between the orthodox priest party and the so-called philosophic and scientific schools, arose new positive ideas of religion, represented by a party called "Friends of Light," *Lichtfreunde*. They did not believe the dogma of a Trinity of persons in the Godhead, nor that of the natural depravity of men; and this party had associates among the cultivated and higher classes of society, and also among Protestant preachers.

But it is well known that there is some difference between the theoretical acceptance of a higher religious idea and principle, and the practical realization of them in our life,—an advance, in fact, from thought to deed! Though differing in theory from the old Church theology, a man and a party may live comparatively undisturbed, and he may be tolerated by the priesthood; and no Church exercises in this respect greater toleration than the Catholic. I know several Catholic priests in Germany who do not believe what they preach, and they tell it openly in the company of educated men; but the Church government does not interfere, as long as they keep externally to their office. The policy of that Church is even to give such men a higher

position (and I mentioned as a proof the present Bishop of Breslau); also to me they offered a better situation after I had for the first time opposed the Pope's supremacy in Germany. What instrument they had chosen for making that offer can be seen from the fact, that the same priest has left his Church with a nun for America. The Protestant State Churches and the governments of Germany tolerate even in the present period men like Strauss, Feuerbach, and writers who deny religion altogether, while many preachers of the Reform communities have been forced to leave the country. A higher religious idea must grow strong in the minds of men; it must fill their souls so vigorously that they feel and see they would lose themselves, they would become untrue to God and man, if they did not live and act accordingly. The words of Luther, "I cannot do otherwise, God help me!" express best this state of mind which is needed for true Reformers and a Reforming nation. There are many men in our time who have outgrown the old Church theology, but they stand, so to speak, with one foot in the old time and with one in the new, always prepared to cling to that party who are in the ascendant. The theoretical culture and learning of Germany would not of themselves have been able to call forth a Reform movement; but when a bishop stepped forward and asked the people to worship a garment declared to be that of Christ, he violated the feeling of her dignity, mocked at her Protestantism, her literature and philosophy, and her higher religious culture. She saw endangered her historical mission, her independence, especially as hundreds of thousands made a pilgrimage to the coat of Treves, and the Jesuit papers boasted triumphantly, "These hundreds of thousands prove the victory of the Romish Church!" The nation grew every day more indignant, and Protestant governments, as well as the censorship of the newspapers, were carried away by the general indignation. The old historical contest between the Romanic and Teutonic nations became now imminent, and we saw it with our spiritual eye—yes, we felt it, so to say, in our hearts—that an outburst of general indignation must come. The Prussian Government were deliberating if they should put a stop to the pilgrimage; but one man in the council said, "Let them go on; they will injure their cause by it." The most striking proof of the general feeling is the fact, that the censor in Leipzig, who had to read my letter to the bishop before it was published, said, "Well, it may be published, even if I lose by it." In resuming this historical contest with Rome, and commencing the new religious movement, we were well aware of the great difference between the present and the former religious contests. When, in the 9th century, Charlemagne forced upon the Saxons Christianity in the Romish form, and with a feudal hierarchy with tithes, &c., they defended themselves thirty-three years bravely; but being an uncultivated

and young race, they were overpowered. In the 16th century, when Protestantism rose, the Teutonic nations were by this time more cultivated; they were in the age of youth and superior to the Romanic nations, through their national character and their higher historical principle of *individual liberty*, which, in its religious substance and form, is called "*free inquiry*." But the Teutonic nations had at that time not yet worked out a higher cosmogony, nor a higher and loftier idea of God and mankind; they possessed not yet an independent culture, but had still to rely upon the Greek and Roman science and fine arts. Therefore the German nation vindicated for herself equal rights in the war of thirty years, in spite of her emperor siding with the Pope; but, having the same fundamental dogmas of a Trinity and natural depravity of man, the Protestant Churches could not yet replace throughout Europe the Roman Church. However, in the 19th century our position was greatly altered; for there was ripened a higher cosmogony, chiefly by our Copernicus, Kepler, Newton, Humboldt, &c., which enabled Protestant theology to work out higher notions of God in his relation to mankind and the universe. The Unitarians had, even centuries ago, as a religious body relied upon the idea of *One God*, which naturally must grow out of the new cosmogony.

In poetry, our Shakspeare, Milton, Lessing, Goethe, Schiller, &c., represented higher principles of culture and humanity, and the Roman Church and Romanic nations had none equal to them. The same superiority we find in philosophy, in music and other fine arts. The printing press, the telescope, the steam engine, were Teutonic inventions. Likewise our political reformers, Gustavus Adolphus, Cromwell, Frederick the Great and Washington, had been men of higher principles and character than the Roman period possessed. The emperors of Austria who had taken the part of the Romish Church in the middle age against the religious progress of the nation, had lost since that time one province after another,—lost their influence, their rights, and the imperial crown of Germany,—and they retained only a few German provinces under their sway. The greater part of the learned men were aware of these facts, and the great majority of the people had to a certain extent participated in the progress of religious culture, through the national education, which had been taken already in the last century out of the sole power of the priesthood by the Government.

By taking these facts into account, it will be more easily understood why my letter to the Bishop of Treves created such a great enthusiasm and called forth the Reform movement. I shared the general indignation of the nation, and standing nearer to the hierarchy who would subject us, and more acquainted with their cunning hypocrisy and intrigues, I felt the danger perhaps more intensely; and it was in this state of mind that I declared we

would give up the old Church system; for Christ had not left us his garment, but his spirit; his coat belonged to his murderers. These words awakened in the nation a higher degree of love to God and their moral duties, manifested in a noble religious enthusiasm; and it was this love which led them to action. The reader will well perceive that I broke down with this declaration the bridge between me and Rome for ever publicly and formally, what I had previously done inwardly and morally. As many people at the time when the letter to the Bishop of Treves was published, and even to the present moment, have given me alone credit as the writer of that letter, and, as happens in such cases of success, praised it very warmly, especially as they expected I would repeat what Luther 300 years ago had done, but have not perhaps taken into account all the struggles of my soul and the external trials I had to pass through with the Romish priesthood, which had given me strength of character to take up the contest with that power, and also to write that letter at the right hour, I will, in my next communication, mention a few facts which may enable many to form a more correct notion of my personal relation to the movement.

JOHANNES RONGE.

Grove House, Kentish Town, London, Dec. 1857.

(To be continued.)

A REBUKE TO THE PULPIT BUFFOON.

"OF all preaching in the world," says Baxter, "that speaks not stark lies, I hate that preaching which tendeth to make the hearers laugh, or to move their minds with tickling levity, and affect them as stage-players use to do, instead of affecting them with a holy reverence of the name of God." Cowper gives expression to the same sentiment in the "Task :"

"He that negotiates between God and man,
As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware
Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful
To court a grin, when you should woo a soul;
To break a jest when pity would inspire
Pathetic exhortation; and to address
The skittish fancy with facetious tales,
When sent with God's commission to the heart.
So did not Paul."

Quarterly Review.

THREE CRITICAL REMARKS.

IN one of the numbers of "A Minister's Retrospect," an objection was stated against the parable in Matthew xviii. 23—35, as if it represented God as first forgiving sin and then retracting his pardon. Now the very delivery of the parable seems to me to furnish a complete answer to this objection, as it gives us previous warning that the forgiveness of our sins is conditional on our shewing a forgiving disposition towards others. The objection arises entirely from not attending to the design of a parable, which is to give us a vivid idea of what God requires from us, not to represent his conduct as in every minute detail like that of the master in the parable.

I have been reading with great pleasure Dr. Beard's very instructive Discourses on the Divine in Christianity, but am surprised at his calling the mother of Zebedee's sons *Mary*. I can find no authority for this in the New Testament. Matthew, xxvii. 56, does not name her, but mentioning two other women, whose name was Mary, implies that her name was not the same. Mark, xvi. 40, calls her Salome, and I cannot find any other name given to her in any passage in the New Testament.

Allow me to take this opportunity of remonstrating against a corruption which is now very prevalent in our language. Surely all good Latin scholars will admit that the proper expression for to make better is to meliorate. The prefixing an *a* to this word is an evident corruption, introduced, I believe, from the French, since the time of Dr. Johnson, who gives only meliorate and melioration. Our most accurate preachers and writers, such as Rev. Pendlebury Houghton, always use the word meliorate, and I hope our future ministers and writers will take care to do so.

T. C. HOLLAND.

A TRINITARIAN CONCESSION.

SIR,

A FEW years ago I attended the opening of a Catholic chapel in the neighbourhood of Holborn, with the view of hearing Cardinal Wiseman, who was to deliver an address on the occasion from the altar. In the course of this address, the Cardinal stated, that probably no plain, uninstructed man in the doctrines of the Catholic Church, or in those of the Church of England, would discover the doctrines of the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Atonement, in reading the New Testament : nevertheless, those doctrines were there revealed ; and that this could only be ascertained by the authority of the Catholic Church, the infallible expositor of the Scriptures, whose decision on these matters was to be implicitly received by the faithful, and from which authority the Church of England must receive them likewise.

This statement, as you may suppose, Mr. Editor, interested me not a little, as a Unitarian believer, and coming from such a quarter is, I think, entitled to particular notice.

Bishop's Stortford, Nov. 5, 1857.

W. R. HAWKES.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

What Patriotism, Justice and Christianity, demand for India: a Sermon preached on Sunday, October the 11th, 1857. By the Rev. Edmund Kell, M.A., F.S.A. 8vo. London—Whitfield.

WE have read somewhere of a benevolent surgeon who was sent for to amputate a bricklayer's leg, which had got crushed by accident. He came with all speed, and performed the operation with admirable rapidity and success: the poor wounded man was scarcely aware of what the Doctor was about, till the limb was off. No exercise of skill could be more triumphant. There was only one small circumstance to be regretted: the surgeon, in his deep anxiety to relieve the sufferer's pain with the least possible delay, *had taken off the wrong leg!* Just such a physician is Mr. Kell in reference to the moral maladies of India. His sympathies are warm, but they flow forth most freely on the side of the atrocious sepoys. His indignation against injustice is strong, very strong; but he pours out its fiery torrent on the English in India. He is a very able surgeon; but, somehow, *he has laid hold on the wrong leg!*

Never was there a blacker bill of indictment sent up to a Grand Jury, against robber, murderer and ruthless violator of innocence, than Mr. Kell has sent up to the court of Heaven in his eloquent sermon against his own countrymen, in reference to their conduct in India. It embraces almost every crime that can disgrace rulers and a people. We are consoled, however, in some degree, when we perceive that it spreads over a period of *upwards of a hundred years!* for we know there are few nations whose history will not in that long time present dark spots—perhaps some very, very dark spots. We are comforted when we find that the first count in the indictment is, that we treated with “*perfidy*” the “*Surajah Dowlah, Subahdar of Bengal,*” *the perpetrator of the massacre of the black-hole at Calcutta!*—an event of which Mr. Kell, in his ardent sympathy with the wrongs of India, *takes no notice.* We are consoled when we perceive that the horrors of the famine of 1770, which extended over regions where the foot of Englishman had never then trodden, are imputed to English tyranny. We are consoled when we find that England is held to be answerable for the starvation of myriads (Mr. Kell computes them by millions) in India at that period, in consequence of the failure of the rice-crop, just as she was held by the Irish “*patriots*” of 1848, to be answerable for the failure of the potato-crop in 1846 and 1847. We are consoled when we perceive that Mr. Kell is so little aware of what has been going on in India for the last twenty-five years, that he endorses, as applicable to the present time, the words uttered seventy years ago by the very vehement and not very scrupulous orator, Mr. Burke,—“that if the English were driven from India, they would leave behind them no monument worthy of a great and enlightened nation,—no monument of art, science or beneficence,—no vestige of their having occupied and ruled that country, except such traces as *the culture and the tiger* leave behind them!”

We may be allowed to mention a few of the traces which the English “*vultures and tigers,*” if now driven from India, would leave behind them. Among these would be *sea-ports*, deepened, furnished with wharves and

stores for the accommodation of commerce, and rendered easy of access to the trade of the world by buoys and light-houses;—*rivers* rendered navigable, or improved in their capacity for navigation, and navigated by steam-vessels, as well as by the ruder craft which alone had floated on their waters, till English science and energy infused life into an internal commerce which was dead or dying under the oppression of former rulers;—*splendid roads* in the provinces of Bengal and Behar, and in the Punjab, designed by British engineers and executed by British enterprise;—*canals and aqueducts* for irrigation, by which vast regions once an inhospitable desert have been converted into fields and gardens;—*railroads* to an immense extent already executed, and which, but for the outbreak of the patriot sepoys (*Mr. Kell views them as patriots*, p. 9), would by this time have reached to Lucknow, if not also to Delhi;—*electrical telegraphs*, available for the immediate transmission of intelligence of all kinds and in every direction;—*a regular post-office communication* from every important town in the empire to every other, the secrecy of which is religiously respected; so religiously, that it is believed, if the privacy of letters sent by post had not been scrupulously preserved, some of the brutal and unprovoked murders perpetrated on our fellow-countrymen, their wives and families, could not have been effected;—*a book-post*, by which it is possible that some copies of Mr. Kell's own bill of indictment against England may be forwarded into quarters where it will encourage the "patriots" to pursue their career of blood, and cause the hearts of beleaguered English warriors and matrons to sink within them, lest their countrymen at home should, under the influence of such suggestions, abandon them to the tender mercies of the heroic sepoys;—*a police*, under which the ferocious robbers,—the Pindarries, the Dacoits, the Thugs, whom no former government had ever been able, if willing, to put down,—have disappeared throughout the length and breadth of India; and human life, notwithstanding some local and religious habits which afford peculiar facilities to robbery and murder, is as safe (except when the armed defenders of the country rise up at the call of "patriotism") as in any part of Europe;—*an administration of justice* pure and incorruptible, so far as it is in English hands, as that which exists in our own tribunals, long the admiration of the world;—*a consequent security* for the acquirements of industry, such as for two thousand years India never knew, and which is evidenced in the erection of elegant dwellings, and the display of rich furniture, dresses and equipages, by the native gentry in those provinces which are under English rule;—*the art of printing, and a free press*, free as the air of heaven, free to publish without limitation on all subjects of history, politics, morals, religion and philosophy, and only liable to punishment for direct exhortations to rebellion;—*schools* in every town and village, founded, endowed and ably superintended by the Government, in which not only the languages of India and their literature, but European science and English literature, are taught, without any interference with the religious prejudices of any class of the people;—*colleges*, in which the youth of India can attain, for an almost nominal cost, the highest education that is afforded by the most advanced university in the United Kingdom; an education by which the students are prepared for the civil and military service of the Government, in which they are sure of advancement;—*a wise and equitable system of law* for the regula-

tion of personal and real property established in the old provinces;—*the abolition of the cruel and intolerant Brahminical code* which condemned a convert to another faith to the forfeiture of his inheritance;—*the burning of widows abolished*;—*infanticide abolished*;—*self-immolation abolished*;—*hospitals, almshouses and charitable societies erected*;—and last, but not least in our estimation, *churches, missionary institutions and Bible societies* scattered over the country, by which none are compelled, but many are enabled, to compare the foul impurities of Heathenism and the ferocious fanaticism of Islam with the mild and holy precepts of Christ's Gospel. These are some of the traces that the English "vultures and tigers" would leave behind them; and if Mr. Kell was aware of their existence, it would have been, perhaps, consistent with "patriotism, justice and Christianity," to allow them a place as a plea, in mitigation, in connection with his bill of indictment. Throughout his whole sermon, Mr. Kell takes it for granted, and sometimes asserts, that the English conquered India from its native princes: we thought every school-boy had known the reverse. He indorses the sentiment that English rule has produced effects in India similar to those which it produced in Ireland; being manifestly unaware that, *of all countries in Europe*, Ireland is that which, during the last three hundred years, has made the greatest advance in order, liberty, science, wealth, and the arts of social life. He asserts that India is the province, or rather the preserve, of the English *aristocracy*, who alone of the nation have any interest in preserving its connection with this empire. On the contrary, England has for many years been,—and, under the new system of examinations for the civil service, is now more than ever,—the property of the middle classes in this great empire; the scene where zeal, ability, good conduct and administrative talent, though found in the humblest ranks, are sure to meet their reward. Look to the officers who live to glory, have fallen in the field of honour, or have perished by the hand of assassinating "patriots," and see what proportion of them has sprung from the aristocracy! But these are considerations unworthy of us, and unworthy of Mr. Kell.

India: England's Crimes and Duties: a Sermon preached by John Gow, B.A., Minister of the Bay's Hill Chapel, Cheltenham. Pp. 14.

MR. GOW has here given us a thoughtful and interesting sermon. He attributes the recent calamities in India to two causes,—our misgovernment of the country and our failure in christianizing the people. But as India is suffering, not from a popular but a military revolt, they should rather, in strict logic, be ascribed to the mismanagement of the army, and that mismanagement on the side, not of severity, but indulgence. A spirit of proselytism on our part would not have prevented, but precipitated, the rising of the Mahomedan and Hindoo fanatics. Mr. Gow most truly says that the doctrine of the Trinity and its allied articles of faith must ever be a serious obstacle to Mahomedan acceptance of Christianity. This opens out a train of thought on which we should have been glad had Mr. Gow enlarged,—the duties and responsibilities of Unitarians. We light our candle, and then put it under a bushel.

Sabbath Leisure ; or, Religious Recreations, in Prose and Verse : suitable for Reading in the Intervals of Public Worship. By several Members of the Unitarian Church. Pp. 345. London—Whitfield.

THIS is the new volume of Dr. Beard's serial Unitarian Library. We entirely agree with the editor in thinking that we need "a literature holding a kind of middle position between the formality and rigour of specific religious writings and the lightness and generality of ordinary works of the imagination." The attempt here made to supply this want is in its general results highly creditable to the editor and most of his contributors. Many of the articles, both in prose and verse, possess considerable literary ability, and are pervaded by a religious spirit worthy of the Unitarian church. The verses, so plentifully supplied, if they do not rise to any great height of poetical inspiration, are fully equal to the average of occasional poetry, and contain many beautiful thoughts clothed in appropriate language. The papers designed to convey theological instruction and to cultivate religious sentiments, are particularly good. "Father Thomas" has a very pleasing mode of interesting the young in religious truths, though now and then he becomes a little mystical, and, like other teachers of our day, gets somewhat beyond his depth.

There is a clever sketch of the early Arians in the story entitled "The Confessor of Antioch." Well has the writer (the initials, if we mistake not, point to an accomplished Unitarian layman of Liverpool) entered into the characteristics of the days when Christianity, not yet corrupted by the mysterious dogmas of the Catholic Church, was everywhere destroying the remains of Pagan error. This is a very admirable passage. The scene is the grove of Daphne at Antioch, and the persons introduced, a priest of Apollo and two young Christians :

"'But tell me, good old man,' said Philip, 'do you really believe in these gods of yours? do you pray to Apollo at sunrise and to Diana by moon-light? Do you ask Æsculapius to listen when you have the tooth-ache, and put up prayers to Pan when your ewes are with young? Do you see Naiads, and Dryads, and Nereids, and all the rest of them? And O, most wonderful of men, do you think that Hebe still pours out the wine for the immortals, and that Jupiter still sits solemnly, with his undying eagle at his side?'

"The priest never so much as smiled at all these questions. 'I believe,' he said, very simply, 'as my fathers believed before me. New fashions may spring up and new gods appear, but the old fashions and the old gods are good enough for me.'

"'But how can you believe in these old gods?' persisted Philip. 'Think of your Jupiter masquerading as a bull, and a swan, and fifty other things, and all for some low purpose.'

"'Of course I don't believe all the stories about the gods, but I do believe in the gods themselves. I see life in every thing on earth; whence came that life? Is there not some power that controls the heavens, some spirit that breathes in the winds, some god, in short, that makes every thing, and supports every thing?'

"'There is one God that does all this,' said Philip. 'Well, there we differ,' rejoined the priest. 'One God could never cause joy and sorrow, laughter and grief. One God could never make man and plants; one God could never glow in the morning sun, and grow black in the rain clouds when that sun is hidden. It is your view that is the nonsense. And then your God seems a cruel God, who sends his Son, who some of you say is the same as himself, and some of you say is like himself—to die as a malefactor on the

cross. When our gods come to earth they come to bring joy and happiness, and Ceres teaches the corn to ripen, and Bacchus pours out the red blood of the grape; but you, poor Christians, why, even the bread and the wine are with you emblems of death instead of life.'

'Well,' said Theodore, breaking into the conversation, 'we need not talk when we cannot agree. But this I tell you, when your gods took flesh, as you say, they could teach you nothing of what should come when sun and moon and all created things have passed away. The poets tell us that Achilles walks a sad ghost by the asphodel meadows of Elysium, but which of all of you knows or can know anything about the future? When Christ, who is a God far above your false gods, when he, the Son of the Father, the Word made flesh, dwelt among men, he showed us how to live, so that when death came, we should rise as he did from the grave, and live for ever with the Father and the Son.' 'Look at this,' continued Theodore, pulling from under his tunic a small crucifix that he always wore about him, 'look at this, and think that that form nailed on the cross, crowned with the thorns, tortured with cruel thirst and cruel pain, that that Christ is now in heaven, and the saints, and the martyrs, and the apostles stand round his throne, and sing with him the song of the Lamb in honour of the Father. And so will it be with all of us. The cross, the crown, the thorns, the glory, the martyr's death, the life for ever and for ever. What of Bacchus and of Ceres then? Your gods are types of the natural man who perishes; our Christ is the emblem of the immortal man, who shall never die.'

"Theodore stopped, and Philip saw how his face had lighted up at the thought, and how the gleam of heaven seemed already in his eye.

"'Well,' said the priest, 'as you like, but the old gods for me, and so thinks Julian. They say he's coming here. Evoe! Bacchus will come with him, and the altar of Apollo Daphnicus will flame with the sacrifice again. O, bright sun-god! thou knowest how poor I am, but on that happy day my choicest kid, or my fattest goose, shall send up twice sweet savours. O, how the laurel groves will tremble in every leaf when they know that Apollo is coming to his own! Long live Julian the good—Julian the divine!' And the old priest tottered off."—Pp. 42, 43.

From the same graceful pen come the series of short poems entitled, "One Faith in Many Forms," from which we select the lines on the Martyrs in England:

"The martyr's stake flames upward
 To God's eternal sky;
 And the angel's songs are hushed in awe,
 At the martyr's agony!
 And the blood upon Cranmer's hand
 Leaves its dark and ruddy stain—
 'Tis fire alone can serve to wash
 That red hand white again!
 They may find and slay the prophet,
 But the Truth evades their search;
 And the life-blood of the martyr
 Is the seed-grain of the Church.
 So not in vain, Van Paris,
 Didst thou brave the fearful death!
 And not in vain, sweet Maid of Kent,
 Wast thou girt with the fiery wreath!
 For the truth to which ye witnessed
 Grows up in the hearts of men,
 And its tendrils twine round Falkland's sword,
 And hangs o'er Milton's pen;

And it mingles its green with the laurels
Which cluster round Newton's head,
And some stray leaves pressed, o'er the pages of Locke
Their delicate perfume shed."—P. 201.

One of the ablest historical papers in the volume is entitled "St. Augustin and his Mother." It will in some quarters perhaps excite surprise that an Unitarian writer has expended so much enthusiasm on the author of the gloomy dogmas on which Calvin afterwards stamped his name. In the same manner, and from a similar motive probably, certain writers in the Unitarian church of England and America are writing up Athanasius, because they find in his doctrine of the Spirit some confirmation of their own mystical belief. For our own parts, we do not like theological conundrums, and shall not go to St. Augustin to help us to expound Paul's Epistles, any more than we shall to St. Athanasius to open out the meaning of John's Gospel.

The short article on "Griesbach" makes us wish that there were other biographical sketches of men who have promoted biblical learning. We extract a large portion of it :

"Johann Jacob Griesbach was born at Butzbach, in the Grand Duchy of Hesse Darmstadt, on the 4th of January, 1745. His father, a clergyman in the same place, at the birth of his son, accepted an invitation to settle at Frankfort-on-the-Maine; and here, in consequence, the son received the chief part of his preliminary education. Devoting himself to theology as early as eighteen, he pursued his studies successively at the universities of Tübingen, Halle, and Leipzig, where the most notable representatives of the then divergent schools of religious thought held professional chairs. In the first of those learned institutions he tarried longest, induced, probably, by a leaning toward the more positive forms of opinion which were in the ascendant there. At Halle, however, he came under the influence of one of those men who make an epoch in letters, the well-known J. S. Semler, whose impression on the young student he never lost, and from whom he received the bias which his studies afterwards took and preserved. With a view to the particular line of labour to which he devoted his whole life, the young man undertook a learned tour, and so was led to travel through a part of Germany and Holland to London, Oxford, Cambridge, and Paris, becoming acquainted as he went with many distinguished scholars, both old and young. The time was one in which the subject of textual criticism, or that criticism which investigates and fixes the text or substance of ancient authors, was the fashionable study. Griesbach was not impervious to the contagion. He received an influence which he was destined to augment no less than direct. The pursuit was worthy of his talents and industry. At a superficial view, the studies of textual criticism may appear minute, if not inconsiderable, and even in some cases trifling. Yet are they the basis and condition of all the theological and religious pursuits which own the Bible as their authority. As it is the office of textual criticism to determine and restore what the sacred writers wrote, so, until the functions of that office are discharged, the Biblical student is not in possession of the materials with which he is to work. Accordingly the Gospel, so far as it depends on history, depends on textual criticism. And so we are taught the importance of the particular pursuits which Griesbach elected as his own. The young critic returned home rich in learned spoils, and lost no time in beginning to work them into those results the full elaboration of which was the work of his life. In the year 1773 he was made professor in the university of Halle. Two years after he was called to hold the same office at Jena. Here he remained to the end of his days, in usefulness and honour. He died on the 24th of March, 1812.

"To such an extent is Griesbach's name interwoven with Biblical criticism,

and in particular, the criticism of the text of the Greek New Testament, that the other services he rendered to sacred letters are overlooked and almost forgotten. Yet did he produce writings in more departments of theology than one, which of themselves would have raised him above the ordinary level. Griesbach's special merits, however, lie in the collecting and appreciating those diverse forms of the text of the Greek New Testament, which he discovered in ancient manuscripts, the writings of the divines called the Fathers, and certain translations of the Scriptures which, up to this day, had received little attention for critical purposes. Having collected his materials, he formed a history of the text in ancient times, as a needful preliminary to the establishment of those critical rules by which he proposed to distinguish the genuine from the spurious, and to determine the degree of perference which one reading had over another. In these processes critical insight, a delicate logic, and mental dexterity were necessary, besides minute, exact, deep, and varied scholarship. Griesbach proved equal to his duties. Having laid the basis of a new text, he showed his superiority by putting it to the press, and so earned the honour of opening out a new path in Biblical learning. Up to his time only two texts were prevalent. These were divided among the numerous (360 it is said) editions of the Greek New Testament then existing. One had for its basis the Stephens-Elzevir text, or the so-called *Textus Receptus*, that is, the text of the ordinary Greek New Testament. This text was in honour among Protestants. The other text, accepted in the Catholic Church, was founded on the Greek of the Complutensian Polyglot. The two, which differed but little, were of small value, the result of haste and commercial speculation more than critical skill. Nevertheless these two texts were in possession of the citadel. It was a bold thing to put forward a competitor. Of course Griesbach paid dearly for his temerity; but he did his duty, nor was he without a reward from the external world. Certainly his moral courage is of a higher value than even his learning and ability. In frankly communicating to society the light he had received from God he gained favour with all good and wise men. Here he is an object worthy of imitation on the part of all, and here all may derive benefit from his example. The particular service he rendered to the church can scarcely be repeated, but his love of truth, his manly boldness, his simplicity of spirit, as well as his pains-taking industry, may be followed in spirit, if not in measure, by almost every young person, whatever his position, whatever his walk in life."—Pp. 139—141.

The tales spread through the volume are generally interesting, though the moral is not always naturally developed. That entitled "Which is Which?" rather jars upon our taste, and is open to criticism at several points. It is not, at all events, we think, the most suitable kind of reading for the intervals of public worship. But while we allude in passing to what appear to us to be the defects of the book, we desire to express our warm approbation of its general scope and of the ability which it displays. Should Dr. Beard be hereafter encouraged to produce a companion volume, he will do well to introduce some sketches of natural history and science, which in the hands of a skilful writer might be made to illustrate the truths of natural theology.

Memoir of Rev. Joseph Badger. By E. G. Holland. Fourth Edition. Pp. 473. New York.

MR. BADGER was the zealous apostle of the American sect of CHRISTIANS, men deeply interesting to us Unitarians as worshipers of one God in one person, and having no creed but the Bible. He was born at Gilmanton, New Hampshire (eighty miles distant from Boston), Aug.

16th, 1792. His ancestors were of English extraction, and settled in Massachusetts less than a quarter of a century after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. His grandfather, General Joseph Badger, served with distinction in the War of Independence, and was afterwards distinguished in all the useful arts of peace and civilization. When Joseph Badger was about ten years of age, his father removed to an estate which he had purchased in the woodlands of Lower Canada, a district as thinly peopled as the most remote backwoods of the States now are. Here his youth was passed. He was impulsive and excitable on religious subjects, and listened with earnest interest to the teachings of Methodists, Baptists and others of the popular sects. He was himself baptized, but still kept aloof from all the churches then organized, though feeling strong religious convictions and an earnest desire to preach the gospel. His first sermon was preached in October, 1812, and although he never united himself formally to the Methodist connection, it was among this people that his early services were rendered. In his twenty-second year he set out for his native New Hampshire. Efforts were made there to induce him to join the sect of "Free-willers," but he resolved to pursue his Christian liberty and to take no name but that of Christian. But in 1814 he received ordination at Gilmanton, but without making any sectarian professions, or accepting any discipline but the Scriptures or any master save Christ. About this time he began to publish his thoughts on religious matters in a journal, printed at Portsmouth (N. H.), called the "Herald of Gospel Liberty," the first newspaper in America devoted to religious liberty and the independent discussion of sacred truth. The interesting volume of Mr. Holland contains a minute account of Mr. Badger's apostolic labours throughout his life. As a full history of the genesis of the sect of Christians, it is an important document of ecclesiastical history. Others may have preceded Mr. Badger in preaching the great principles of this religious body, but to him they were mainly indebted for their ecclesiastical organization. It was he who, in 1818, called at Hartwick, N. Y., the first local conference of the body in the United States. He was through the whole of his life their leading spirit. His life was continued till 1852.

The distinctive principles of this sect, as described by Mr. Holland, are these :—1. To cast aside all sectarian names. They take the catholic name of Christian, and they concede it to all of every class who walk in purity of life. 2. They exalt the Bible, to the exclusion and rejection of human creeds. 3. They claim for every man perfect individual freedom. They oppose alike the theory of the Romish Church which denies this right, and the too common Protestant practice, which is essentially Romish. 4. They make experience the basis of religion. They rather ask a man what is his life than what are his opinions.

In the early days of the Christian sect their culture and learning were small. Their habits were essentially Methodistic. Now a change has come over the body, and there is an earnest desire amongst them for learning and intellectual cultivation. Mr. Badger watched and fostered in his later years this change with deep interest. They have now colleges at Antioch and Meadville. It remains to be seen whether in its future career this body will, with added culture and an edu-

cated ministry, retain its zeal and its simplicity of faith and worship. We devoutly hope it may. Mr. Holland's biography of Mr. Badger should find a place in every library of ecclesiastical history.

A Sermon on Milton's Death-day: preached in Cross-Street Chapel, Manchester, November 8, 1857. By William Gaskell, M.A. Pp. 16. London—Whitfield.

THE subject of this sermon was a felicitous conception, and we need scarcely say that in the hands of Mr. Gaskell it is worked out with the skill of an artist. Under the several heads which every one familiar with the noble life of the poet will anticipate, our author gives his reasons for thinking John Milton eminently worthy of being placed in the Protestant Calendar of Saints. When treating the religious part of his subject, after quoting Macaulay's fine description of Milton as the first and almost sole defender of mental freedom, Mr. Gaskell thus proceeds:

"Nor were his sympathies with the wronged confined to his own land, as is shewn in his earnest State letters on behalf of the persecuted Vaudois, and his pleading sonnet:

'Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold.'

With Paul, we should think he might have said, 'Who is weak, and I am not weak? Who is offended, and I burn not?'

"Not content with merely claiming the right of free judgment, he conscientiously exercised it. It was his practice to begin the day with reading the Bible in the original tongues, and then to spend some time in silent meditation on what he had read. He was a true Protestant, and laid down the maxim, 'We can want no creed so long as we want not the Scriptures.'

"He did not think that 'the cruise of truth could run no more oil,' but wisely kept his vessel ready to receive whatever might flow from it. His treatise on Christian Doctrine shews at once how much he had done to free his mind from the swathing bands of human authority, and how anxious he was to bow to the Divine.

"In the latter part of his life, though he deemed it 'the duty of believers to join themselves, if possible, to a Church duly constituted,' he does not seem to have frequented any place of public worship. This was formerly set down to his blindness; but the disinterment of the treatise just mentioned, after lying buried for a century and a half, has furnished us with a better reason. He had become Antitrinitarian in his views; and there was no religious society into which he could enter, and find true fellowship. And we may consider him as putting in a plea for himself when he says, that those who cannot join others in worship 'with full satisfaction of conscience, are not to be supposed not to partake of the blessings bestowed on the Church.'

"No one who studies his works and life can doubt that he was under the influence of a thoroughly devout and religious spirit—not that which displays itself in showy form and observance, but in the calm strength which it gives to meet the difficulties, and bear the burdens, and battle with the griefs, which existence brings. To adopt the language of a kindred poet:

'His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
He had a voice whose sound was like the sea;
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So did he travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet his heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.'"

If the extract induces our readers to peruse the whole discourse, our object is answered.

INTELLIGENCE.

A NEW WORKING MAN'S COLLEGE.

We learn with much satisfaction that it is intended to add forthwith an institution of this kind to the numerous societies already existing in Manchester for the instruction and elevation of the working man. The gentlemen who have for this purpose formed themselves into a committee of management are bankers, clergymen, merchants, barristers, surgeons, and the professors of Owens College. Such names as Canon Richson, Professor Scott, Greenwood and Christie, Oliver Heywood, Rev. W. Gaskell, Samuel Robinson, give assurance that the plans will be carefully matured, and that when entered upon they will be vigorously prosecuted. The lectures will begin early in the year, and will be divided amongst about a dozen subjects, such as Mathematics, History, English Literature, Latin, Political Economy, Scripture History and Interpretation, &c. During five nights of each week (if classes of not less than six members in each division are formed) there will be two or three lectures. The class for Scripture Interpretation will, very wisely, be placed under the charge of a layman. All the instructors will be volunteers and their services gratuitous. The opening lecture of each course will be advertised and be free to the public generally, that all who take an interest in the scheme may have the opportunity of understanding from each lecturer what his plans are, and of forming some opinion as to the talent and efficiency with which they are likely to be executed. The following address will best explain the motives and hopes of the projectors of this scheme, which carries with it our best wishes for its success :

“Although various efforts have been made of late years to improve and extend the means of education, no adequate provision has yet been found for the adult education of the working classes.

“Among the middle and higher classes, what has been taught at school is considered a foundation merely on which to build a sound and complete education. But when the working man leaves school his education ordinarily ceases, and he has little opportunity of afterwards carrying it on for himself.

“This is at once injurious to the working man, and an obstacle to the advancement of the community, for one section cannot be stationary without retarding the progress of the rest. Hence, the necessity

of a higher education for the working man is felt, both by those who desire the material prosperity of the country, and by those who desire the elevation of the moral and intellectual character of the working classes.

“Mechanics’ Institutes were designed to meet this acknowledged want. Their founders aimed chiefly at making knowledge *attractive* to those who had as yet associated with it few ideas of either pleasure or profit, and the plan generally adopted was that of popular lectures. In this way much entertaining and useful information may, no doubt, be imparted, without very severely taxing the powers of the hearer. But knowledge so gained is found to have little value as a means of mental training : the true end of education is not merely to fill the memory with detached facts, however useful and interesting, but rather to call out the latent faculties of the mind, and carry them forward by careful and continuous training to the highest degree of perfection of which they are capable.

“In so far as they have not done this, Mechanics’ Institutes have been felt to fall short of their proper object. The working people of London have been represented as complaining of them on the following grounds,—and we believe that in the main their complaints are just:—viz. ‘that there is a want of any strong corporate feeling in the members of them ; that the teaching, however excellent, is desultory and not continuous ; that for good reasons it has been found necessary not to include in this teaching some of the subjects which are most interesting to Englishmen generally, and to Mechanics particularly.’

“Some of these defects are being in part remedied in many of these institutions, and in few with more success than in the Mechanics’ Institution of this city, in which the system of class-teaching is rapidly taking the place of lectures.

“But the classes are for the most part merely elementary : others are needed for the more advanced pupils and adults, and for the large numbers of working men who, from whatever causes, have not been generally reached by Mechanics’ Institutes. We think, therefore, that a necessity still exists for institutions which shall aim at performing for the working classes what our higher schools, our colleges, and our universities, perform for the middle and upper classes.

“The special task of education as pursued in the Colleges of our English Uni-

versities, old and new, has always been understood to be—to train the maturer minds of adult students by studies exact and systematic rather than extensive, making good one step before another is taken, and testing the progress made by frequent examinations. It is true that of late years changes have been made in the ancient systems by introducing some features from the more modern institutions in respect of the *matter* taught. But by adopting a wider range of subjects they never intended to signify any distrust of the value of their *method*: why may not the same method be applied to the education of Working Men?

"This experiment, which has already been tried with encouraging results in London and a few other places, it is desired to make in Manchester, where it is hoped it will meet with a welcome reception.

"We propose, therefore, to establish a College, offering to Working Men education of the kind we have described, as wide in range as our numbers will allow, but in every case aiming at what is *thorough* and *systematic* rather than at what is extensive but superficial; and again, not engaging to lecture to a class of listeners merely, but to teach and direct those who believe that they must be parties to their own education, and are willing to give the labour implied in this.

"Instruction will also be given to such of our students as may be willing to seek it in the principles of Political Science and in Scripture History and Interpretation, subjects not less interesting to working men than to other members of society: but we wish it to be distinctly understood that attendance on these lectures will be purely voluntary, and that non-attendance on them will not in the slightest degree affect admission to the other courses.

"The *name* is chosen partly to shew our wish to connect this movement with those institutions which suggested and encouraged it; but chiefly because no other so well sets forth our purpose. A *college* implies that its members are associated by an interest in some common aim; that not the advantage of the individual alone is dear to each, but that of the whole society; and that this common good is furthered by a hearty fellow-feeling among the members. On the existence of this fellowship in our society we count as on one of the most powerful means of keeping alive a manly thirst for knowledge; of stimulating a healthy and generous emulation in the pursuit of it; and of correcting, by the light which the thoughts and acquirements of one are sure to throw on those of another, the one-sidedness and half-knowledge

which solitary studies are in danger of producing.

"Should our scheme meet with the support we desire for it, a detailed prospectus will shortly be issued. It is sufficient at present to state that students must be sixteen years of age, must be able to read and write, and must know the first four rules of arithmetic.

"The services of the Teachers will be gratuitous; and, in order to bring the advantages of the College within the reach of any who may desire them, the fees will be fixed at the lowest point at which they will meet the current expenses.

"The Directors of the Mechanics' Institution—to which we stand in the relation not of rivals, but of most friendly allies—have kindly agreed to furnish us, on the commencement of our operations, with the requisite class-room accommodation."

THE LAST IMPOSTURE OF SPIRITUALISM.

We learn from the *Christian Inquirer* (New York) of Nov. 7th, that the revered name of Channing has been used to prop the imposture of "mediums" and "spiritualism." It is humiliating to find Unitarian names mixed up with this nonsense and something worse; but it may be well for our friends to see to what even Unitarians may be brought if they consent to abandon reason and slight scripture. We give the substance of the article:

"Some of the papers have recently contained a letter, purporting to have been written from the spiritual world, by the late Dr. Channing to Mr. Pierpont. It is one of those communications which tend to destroy one's belief in the reality of the system of Spiritualism, and to confuse and obscure the whole subject. While there are many facts connected with this extraordinary subject very difficult to be explained by the simplistic theories which account for them by the words delusion and imposition, there are other very disheartening and discouraging features in these phenomena. Among such, none are more discouraging than the style of the communications commonly received from distinguished persons now residing in the supermundane sphere. When men like Lord Bacon and Swedenborg take the trouble of leaving their starry heights to talk with mortals, we certainly do expect to hear something better than the vague generalities and insipid platitudes contained in their garrulous conversations with worthy Judge Edmonds. One thing of three—either these communications are *not* from Bacon and Swedenborg; or Bacon and Swedenborg have lost all their wit and

wisdom ; or else the means of communication is so imperfect that they might as well hold their peace. When Lord Bacon was in this world he never wrote a paragraph which was not brilliant in expression and profound in meaning—the most solid sense magnificently illustrated by the most splendid images. What has he been doing in the spirit-land for two hundred years, that he has become such an empty driveller ? Perhaps we ought not to expect his grand imagery ; but we might at least hope for something suggestive and clear.

“We have the same sort of complaint to make of the communication which purports to have come from Dr. Channing to Mr. Pierpont. According to Mr. Pierpont’s statement, the accuracy of which no one can doubt, he wrote a letter to Dr. Channing, sealed it with wax in a thick envelope, gummed down the edges, and sent it to a spirit-medium, requesting an answer. The answer comes, with Dr. Channing’s name subscribed to it. But this answer contains only what is purely commonplace and trivial. It amounts merely to this : that Dr. Channing is very glad to communicate with Mr. Pierpont, and to assure him that Spiritualism is a very important thing,

which is to shake the foundations of the earth, and destroy all superstition and bigotry. He also advises Mr. Pierpont to stand up boldly and fearlessly before his congregation, and tell them what he has experienced ; and to investigate more and more ‘this great truth.’ The letter is not always grammatical (for example, he says, ‘We can talk much easier’)—it is hesitating and indefinite, or, as we might say, *shaky* in its statements (‘your faith has been shaken somewhat ; ‘you have been satisfied ; that is, reasonably so ; ‘rather inclined ; ‘inclining to mar our felicity ; ‘almost daily ;’)—it is tautological (‘the soul, the spirit, the god part of the man, or mortal ; ‘your head has become whitened or silvered over’). But the essential difficulty is in the trivial nature of the communication. The letter calls Spiritualism a ‘great truth.’ It is only a great truth if it communicates something great. When spirits come merely to tell us that their coming is a great truth, and to beg us to attend to ‘this thing,’ we cannot become very much interested in them, even though they call themselves Lord Bacon and Dr. Channing.”

OBITUARY.

[Soon after the completion of the last volume, we became aware of the omission of some articles of Obituary which ought to have appeared long ago. The omissions have occasioned us much regret.—ED. C. R.]

1857. Jan. 12, at Pau, where she had resided for many months, in the vain hope of staying the advances of consumption, HELEN, daughter of Abel HARRISON, Esq., of Highfield, Stalybridge. This young lady was gifted by nature with fine talents, and above all with a noble and generous heart. Among the instructors of her youth it was her privilege to be for some years a pupil of Mrs. Henry Turner, of Nottingham, by whom her religious culture and practical benevolence were carefully developed. On returning home she found a fine field for Christian exertion in the schools connected with the Old chapel at Dukinfield. Besides taking her place as a teacher in the school, she gave week-day instruction to a class of female teachers. This was continued for a series of years, with admirable results on the acquirements, tastes and moral and religious feelings, of the young women whom she taught. She was most persevering in the performance

of her school duties, not allowing the calls of pleasure, or, for a long time, even the decline of strength and health, to keep her away from them. At the festivals, which occasionally brought scholars, teachers and members of the congregation together in social pleasure, her bright and happy countenance was always to be seen. When the development of the disease which closed her life rendered it necessary that she should go to a Southern climate, she still loved to think of the teachers at Dukinfield school, and the letters which she received from and sent to them were objects of interest to her to a late period of her life. Her remains lie on a foreign shore. None of those who remember her with gratitude and love may have the opportunity of strewing flowers over her early grave ; but if they will strive to remember her counsels and to form their characters as she endeavoured to form hers, on the Saviour’s model, they will shew true respect for her memory, and they will earn as well as give an everlasting source of joy.

April 21, at his residence, Godley, Cheshire, aged 57, MR. JOHN THORNELEY. This excellent man was a member of the

eminent firm whose establishments for spinning and manufacturing cotton have for so many years found employment for a large number of hands at Godley, Hyde and other places. Integrity, simplicity and benevolence were his characteristics. Few men have passed through life more peacefully, or won for themselves a larger amount of regard and affection from their families and friends. He was a regular worshiper at the Unitarian chapel of Gee Cross, and found in the noble principles of religious truth and moral conduct unfolded there, guidance, support and consolation, which never failed him.

April 22, at his residence, Mount Pleasant, Liverpool, JOHN MATHER, Esq. Descended from ancestors whose names are closely associated with the early assertion of religious liberty and Protestant Nonconformity in England, and with the ministrations of religion pure and undefiled in both England and America, Mr. Mather did honour to his position by his religious constancy, and by the liberality and zeal with which he upheld the institutions of the Unitarian body in England.

Sept. 29, at her residence in Collumpton, Devonshire, MRS. ELIZABETH DAVY, widow of the late Isaac Davy, Esq., of Fordton, Crediton, in the 88th year of her age.

The character of Mrs. Davy was one of no ordinary kind; and the whole history of her life and conduct amply proved the high worth of those religious principles which were early instilled into her mind—principles to which, throughout a very prolonged existence, she steadfastly adhered. She was descended from a long line of eminent Nonconformist ancestors. Her great-grandfather, the Rev. William Yeo, one of the noble band of Ejected Ministers, driven from the Church of England by the tyranny of the Stuarts in 1662, had previously held the living of Woolborough, near Newton Abbot, Devon. The Rev. Richard Evans married Mr. Yeo's daughter. This gentleman in the year 1698 became the elected pastor of the Presbyterian (now called Unitarian) congregation assembling in Collumpton, to whom he officiated with fidelity and acceptance upwards of forty-five years. His remains rest in the grave-yard adjoining the chapel, and a neat marble tablet commemorates his character and worth. Coming down nearer to our own times, an uncle of Mrs. Davy, the Rev. John Frank, in the year 1753 was chosen minister of the old Presbyterian chapel, Trim Street, Bath. Over that society he continued an able, efficient and beloved pastor for the space of twenty-six years, until the sum-

mons came which called him away from his earthly labours in the year 1780. An interesting notice respecting the talents and benevolent spirit of this ancestor of our departed friend, may be found in Mr. Murch's "History of the Presbyterian and General Baptist Churches in the West of England."

With the traditional associations to which the writer has now referred, and under the immediate influence of pious and excellent parents, it can readily be imagined that Mrs. Davy would not prove an unworthy descendant of her noble-minded ancestors. Nor was she. A native of Collumpton, she was led in her infant years to the little chapel in that town, and there was she taught to worship the one Supreme Being, the God and Father of all. Her great Teacher in Christianity, the Son and Messenger of that Supreme Being, she loved and venerated with sincerity and affection; but her worship and adoration were never given to any other than the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. Throughout an unusually lengthened life, and amid many severe sicknesses, trials and temptations of various kinds, she devoutly maintained and held fast her integrity and confidence in that religious faith in which she had been brought up, and that faith was ever to her a source of consolation, peace and joy. The writer of this brief sketch enjoyed for many years the close friendship and affection of her to whom this passing tribute is here paid, and he can truly say that as long as consciousness existed her feelings were deeply religious. Untinctured by superstition and unwavering in her belief, she faithfully clung to those doctrines which characterize the Unitarian Christian; and when the moment of death approached, her spirit calmly sought its rest in the bosom of her Almighty Father and God. Her last moments were indeed singularly tranquil and serene. By the poor of the neighbourhood among whom she for so many years resided, her loss will be severely felt. To *them* she was indeed a friend, irrespective of sect or creed. Her remains were consigned to their last resting-place in the grave-yard adjoining the little chapel where for so long a period she was accustomed to worship her Maker, and the tears of all around that tomb bespoke their affectionate respect and their sense of her worth. The feeling was not confined to her Unitarian fellow-worshippers, but was shared by persons of every denomination in the town.—On the following Sunday her pastor paid a tribute to her memory in the shape of a funeral sermon. There was a very large and deeply-affected congregation. All felt that a true

Christian had been removed to a holier and a happier sphere—all acknowledged that a more benevolent and upright spirit never fled to a better world. D. R.

Nov. 22, at his house, Chorlton Road, Manchester, Mr. JOHN O. CURTIS, for many years master of the Day and Sunday schools connected with the Unitarian congregations of Manchester.

Mr. Curtis was born in 1802, at Boston, in Lincolnshire, where his father kept the White Hart inn, frequented by some of the local gentry, in compliment to one of whom, then a candidate for the representation of the town, he received his second name of Ogle. He was educated at a school in connection with the Church of England, but early joined the Wesleyans, whose earnestness and zeal had strong attractions for his eminently religious nature. He was an active teacher in their Sunday-schools, and while still a youth of 16 or 17, engaged with other young men in the duties of prayer and class-meetings, and in extending to the neighbouring villages the religious advantages and operations for which the Wesleyan organization so extensively provides.

From Boston he removed, in the year 1822, to London, and was soon engaged as the conductor of an infant school belonging to a lady of rank; maintaining at the same time his active connection with the Wesleyans, and officiating among them as local or lay preacher. It is to his labours in this capacity that he doubtless owed much of that facility, correctness and efficiency in the oral expression of his thoughts, which always secured the attention and admiration of his hearers.

In 1825 he married, and about five years afterwards left London to undertake the charge of a large infant school in Mansfield, supported by the leading members of various religious bodies, including the Church of England and the Society of Friends. Here he remained six years, earning by the conscientious and zealous discharge of his duties the esteem and respect of the supporters of the school, when, through Mrs. Henry Turner, of Nottingham, who had consulted him on the organization of a school in which she was interested, he became known to the Unitarian friends of education in Manchester. By them he was invited to become the master of the boys' department of the Lower Mosley-Street schools, then about to be opened. With some reluctance on his own part and that of Mrs. Curtis, and to the great regret of the Committee and friends of the Mansfield school, he was induced

to accept this invitation, and accordingly removed to Manchester in April, 1836.

It was a circumstance equally creditable to the candour and liberality of Mr. Curtis and of those who thus engaged him, that their doctrinal differences should have been mutually sunk in the desire to secure the efficiency of an important and promising educational effort. But though left perfectly free in religious matters, Mr. Curtis, by reading and inquiry, became gradually convinced of the truth of the simpler views held by Unitarians; and in this change Mrs. Curtis fully participated, having been led to read much on the subject in consequence of the remonstrances of her co-religionists on the impropriety of her husband's engagement with a Unitarian school. It was a painful struggle to part from friends with whom he had so long felt and worked in harmony; but firmness in duty and obedience to conscience was one of his noblest characteristics, and the sacrifice was resolutely made.

With what singleness of purpose he devoted himself to the task he had undertaken, with what energy he combated its difficulties, and with what success his efforts were attended in raising the schools to the high reputation they now enjoy, needs scarcely to be insisted on here, for it is known beyond the limits of our own denomination, and has been repeatedly recorded in the reports of the Inspector. In this noble work he had now laboured unremittingly for more than twenty years, and had not, as he used during his last illness to remark, been prevented by even a day's indisposition from constant attendance at the schools, when, about twelve months ago, his health, which for some months had been less satisfactory than usual, sank under an attack of bronchitis, followed by an affection of the lungs; and he found himself unable to resume his post at the re-opening of the classes in January. He passed the spring and summer of this year partly at Bath and Clifton, and partly at St. Bees, in the hope of relief from the illness which kept him from the duties he loved so well. He had returned to Manchester in September, far indeed from strong, but still decidedly improved, as he thought, in health; and his physician had permitted him to give a portion of the day to his school duties, and even held out the hope that he might continue to do this, in favourable weather, through the winter. He had attended his school in this way up to the evening of Friday, the 20th November, and had remarked to a friend who called on him on the Saturday, that he felt not at all the worse for the amount of exertion he had

given since his return. On Sunday he appeared quite as well as usual, when towards evening he was suddenly seized with hæmorrhage from the bursting of a blood-vessel in the lungs ; and in a few minutes this good man was no more.

He was interred on the following Thursday at the Cemetery at Ardwick. The funeral procession on its way thither halted at Upper Brook-Street chapel, where an impressive service was performed by the Rev. W. Gaskell, and where it was joined by a large number of teachers, scholars from the schools, and friends. On Sunday the 29th, in the forenoon, a funeral sermon was preached in Cross-Street chapel by Mr. Gaskell ; and in the evening an address was delivered by the Rev. J. H. Hutton in the school-room, both services being attended by great numbers of sorrowing friends and grateful pupils.

The following extract from the sermon of Mr. Gaskell, from Rev. ii. 10, gives an estimate of his character which will be recognized as most true by all who knew him :

“When Mr. Curtis came, about two and twenty years ago, to take charge of our schools, he held what are commonly called orthodox views. And so long as he believed these to be true, he remained faithful to them. Though entirely free from everything like the narrow feelings of bigotry by which they are too often accompanied, he was ready on all fitting occasions to defend them ; and, when he felt his services needed, preached in the pulpits of the denomination to which he belonged. After a while, as he was brought into closer contact with members of our religious persuasion, he began to discover that in some things, at all events, we had been misrepresented, and to suspect that perhaps we might have been in others. This led him, like a faithful man, to search and see where the truth lay ; and the result of his inquiries was, that he abandoned the opinions in which he had been educated, and sincerely embraced those which Unitarian Christians profess, and was ever ready to testify to their value and help in their furtherance. I remember once, when some one had been speaking disparagingly of our views, his saying, ‘I wish we were half as good as they are !’—a wish which we may all of us echo.

“And so, in like manner, he was faithful to principles. He was not one to be led astray, as even many good men are, by any plea of expediency, or any tempting offer of immediate success ; he asked simply what was right, assured that in the long run that would not fail to shew itself best. It was this which gave such clearness to

his judgment, and such force to his advice. You felt perfectly sure that he had never any sinister end in view. You saw that his ‘eyes looked right on and his eyelids straight before him,’ and that you might have the fullest reliance on him as one that was faithful.

“In the sphere of labour, too, in which Providence had placed him, he was faithful above most men that I have ever known. With him there was none of that uncertainty and irregularity of effort, which we oftentimes see ; he had too deep a feeling of the responsibility which lay upon him to allow of that. He took none of the low views which are too frequently taken, of the nature of the work confided to him ; he knew it to be a great work, and realized to himself how important might be its issues. It was that too, he felt, which God had set him to do ; and, as he loved God, he loved it for His sake, as well as the sake of his fellow-men, and gave himself to it with all his heart and soul and strength. It was this which, after his day had been spent in unremitting labour—of a kind which, from its constant strain upon the attention, tasks the energies more than many suspect—led him so often to engage in services of a similar description at night. It was this which made ‘e’en Sunday shine no Sabbath-day to him.’ And it was this which, when the Unitarian Home Missionary Board was established, induced him to lend his help in an important branch of its training, and has left on the minds of the Students who came under it a deep and loving sense of the value of the influence which he exerted over them. He never spared himself. For more than one and twenty years, with unrelaxing diligence, with calm and steady purpose, with untiring watchfulness and care, he did whatever he could to promote the interests and improve the condition of the schools ; winning the entire confidence and respect of all concerned in their management, and entitling himself to by far the largest share in the merit of having raised them to the position they occupy, and which has so often called forth the warm approval of those whose duty it has been to inspect them. For it was not to his own department merely that his exertions were given ; he was ready to be useful wherever and whenever he could ; and, I confess, it is with a regretful feeling that I now look back, and think how many and how various were the duties that were thrown upon him. It was impossible that one so conscious of the true nature of his work, and so devoted to it, as he was, should not succeed in it. No one could ever have witnessed his mode of teaching,

and have failed to be struck by its excellence. There was nothing showy and flashy about it, but it was thorough and conscientious; his manner, though kind, was always such as inspired respect, and, when he touched on solemn themes, well fitted to impress the hearts of others with something of the reverence that filled his own. There are few men, I verily believe, who, in a similar sphere, have done more real and substantial good than he did. Of the hundreds of children that passed under his care, many are scattered far and wide, and it was a frequent subject of regret with him that, when they left the school, the tie between him and them was so generally broken; but in numbers, we may hope that, wherever they are placed, the benefit of his lessons and his example will continue to be felt throughout their lives. And not a few we know there are, both here and elsewhere, who are proving the goodness of the training which they received under him, as sound and efficient teachers in the schools of our body. More than once, too, have old pupils united in offering to him pleasing testimonies of the grateful remembrance in which his efforts for their improvement were held, and the value which they had learnt, by the experience of life, to set on his instructions. Yes! faithful, very faithful, was he to his work.

“Not without sorrow can we lose him from amongst us; but we will not let it be a sorrow unsuited to his memory, or dishonouring to our faith. He is not dead. He lives in many hearts. He lives in the minds and characters he has helped to form. He lives to God. He lives in a better world, where all his powers find blest employ. He was ‘faithful unto death,’ and we believe has received ‘a crown of life.’”

Nov. 23, at his house, Mount Pleasant, Stalybridge, on the last day of his 57th year, Mr. JAMES HILL. He had been nearly half a century in the confidential employment of the manufacturing firm in Stalybridge of which J. Cheetham, Esq., M.P., is now a partner. With integrity, assiduity and business talent of a high degree, Mr. Hill united considerable mechanical skill and inventive power. Several mechanical contrivances originally invented and patented by him are now in general use in England and America. He was, in the best sense of the term, a self-educated man. Very early in life placed in a cotton factory, he had to catch instruction as he could, and at one period of his life he increased his then slender means by becoming, after the day's labour in the mill was over, a teacher of others. He

was not brought up among Unitarians, but he joined the Unitarian congregation at Dukinfield at a comparatively early period of his life. The circumstance that led to this was a proof of the independence of mind and honesty of character that were essentially his. Hearing Unitarians and their opinions reviled, he resolved to judge for himself of the justice of the censures cast upon them. The preaching of the late Richard Wright in the neighbourhood, and a course of doctrinal lectures at the Old chapel, Dukinfield, gave him the means of forming his own judgment on Unitarianism; and as he saw reason in what he heard, confirmed by his own reading of Scripture, to accept it as the doctrine of the gospel, he at once joined the “sect every where spoken against,” and continued to the day of his death a conscientious Unitarian, and, as long as health permitted, a regular worshipper at the Old chapel. Till within two years of his death he enjoyed excellent health; but the unremitted toil, first of body and then of mind, for nearly fifty years, brought on premature decay, and he sunk under an attack of paralysis. His death-bed, surrounded as he was by children devotedly attached to him, was a touching scene. The Christian father could review his life without reproach, could feel the pleasure of an approving conscience, could make his own the consolations and hopes of the religion of the Saviour, and could commend his children with a serene confidence to the protection and blessing of his Father in heaven!

Nov. 27, at Lincoln, aged 5 years, WM. CLAIR, second son of Rev. C. C. NUTTER.

Dec. 4, at St. Germain's, Cornwall, ELIZABETH TINGCOMBE, sister of the late Rev. John Tingcombe, formerly of Bristol.

Dec. 6, at Brighton, aged 15 years, KATHERINE, third daughter of Henry William BUSK, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, and of 3, Taviton Street, Gordon Square, London.

Dec. 7, at Dalston, aged 4 years, EDWARD BEWLAY, younger son of Mr. G. B. DALBY.

Dec. 19, at 3, Cleveland Row, St. James's, Westminster, Mr. JAMES COPPOCK, solicitor and Parliamentary agent.

During the present year, which included the numerous petitions resulting from a general election, his energies were much over-tasked, and his bodily powers succumbed. On Monday, December 14th, he returned home to his residence slightly indisposed. This indisposition rapidly in-

creased, and, baffling all the skill of Sir Henry Holland and his ordinary medical attendant, carried Mr. Coppock off in the 59th year of his age.

Mr. Coppock was born on the 2nd of September, 1798, in Stockport. He was the eldest son of a respectable mercer; and, after a good middle-class education, served his apprenticeship in his father's business.

In 1819, he left Stockport for London, and after fulfilling one or two engagements in some of the largest wholesale warehouses in the city, commenced business on his own account, in co-partnership with a much-esteemed fellow-clerk. This business not being successful, Mr. Coppock determined to embrace the profession of the law, and in the year 1835 became an attorney and solicitor. Bringing to the profession a mature mind of no ordinary character, honesty of purpose, a supreme contempt of quackery, and great perseverance, Mr. Coppock soon found that successful practice resulted.

On the passing of the Reform Bill, Mr. Coppock was serving his clerkship. A sincere and ardent Reformer he marshalled his electoral forces in Finsbury, where he resided; and, as Secretary to the Finsbury Reform Association, he will be remembered so long as his contemporaries exist. At this time he published an "Electors' Manual," which passed through several editions, and brought his name before the general meeting of Reformers in London, desirous of establishing, in the feverish times following the Reform Bill, some central association to communicate with the different electoral constituencies of the kingdom.

Unanimously appointed Secretary to this association, this new occupation naturally brought him into communication with all the principal liberal agents and solicitors of the provincial counties and boroughs. Three or four years afterwards, on the close of the society's operations, he became lessee of its house in Cleveland Row, where he first established himself as a solicitor and Parliamentary agent. His original wide-spread connection with the constituencies of the United Kingdom immediately constituted Mr. Coppock's office the centre of many election arrangements and contests, and led to his professional employment in the conduct of contested returns in the House of Commons.

Mr. Coppock was a man of great energy of character, self-reliant, intelligent and fearless. He carved out for himself his own position in life. To his political friends and party he was a most devoted and faithful adherent and agent, always refusing retainers except where his political opinions

were in accordance with those of his client; he was free from the slightest taint of vindictiveness or ill-will to his opponents; perfectly reliable in all his professional engagements and undertakings; frank, hearty and kind in his habits; and, in all personal matters, exceedingly sensitive. His political opinions were of an advanced kind, and no man more earnestly desired the removal of all defects, as well as the extension of our electoral system, the bad features of which he understood so thoroughly and so frequently exposed.

Mr. Coppock achieved a considerable position and practice in his profession of solicitor, and it was at no little sacrifice of fortune, as well as comfort, that he devoted himself more particularly to electioneering business; for in its conduct no one, however wealthy, had ever to complain of his charges, and many a candidate and member not blessed with riches had to repay him more in thanks than in money for a zeal which the prospect of want of remuneration never diminished, and for laborious exertions which rose with the necessities of the case.

Great men and small placed unreserved confidence in Mr. Coppock; and not only was their confidence never abused,—it was never paraded or exhibited. His familiarity with the English constituencies was universal and precise; he had estimated to a nicety their purity and impurity; he knew their liberality and illiberality, saw at a glance the candidates who would and who would not suit them, could tell the sum they ought to cost and the sum they ought not to cost, pointed out the local agents to be employed and those to be avoided. And on all these and a hundred other points, his information, advice and counsel were at the perfectly gratuitous service and disposition of his party.

And then when the election had been lost or won, when a petition was presented, the Committee struck, and the last strife and struggle came on,—calm, cool, good-tempered and self-possessed, unencumbered himself with piles of paper, and reducing his briefs to the very smallest size, Mr. Coppock was a very model of a Parliamentary agent in electioneering difficulties and Parliamentary danger. The greater the stress of weather, the more collected he became; when the storm raged loudest it never disturbed Mr. Coppock. Not overloading his counsel with materials, he was always ready himself at their elbow with the information that was wanted, and in the agonies of a case he never worried his advocate by his anxieties. In these struggles his clients placed the most unreserved reliance on his fidelity. When in morti-

fication of defeat, they occasionally felt disappointment, but they could always recognize the party fidelity which animated all Mr. Coppock's proceedings. Yet he was not an unscrupulous agent; and the opposition knew that his word once given was always redeemed.

When Mr. Coppock first entered into public life, the political feelings of all parties were much excited; their struggles were vehement; every contest was fought as if the fate of England depended on the issue; and at the present moment we have no conception of what the death-struggles of Party really were. The first Reform Parliament only lasted two years, and Sir Robert Peel came into power at the latter end of 1834. Afterwards, until the retirement of Lord Derby's Government in 1852, the fierce struggles of rival political parties continued, and in these struggles Mr. Coppock was a valuable and (whilst wanted) a much-prized combatant. The celebrated "Coppock Petitions," which undoubtedly saved Lord Melbourne's Government, have been much better remembered by the Conservatives than by Mr. Coppock's own political party.

The Liberal party wanting to establish a place of meeting in London, the present Reform Club was projected; and in the establishment of this far-renowned Club, Mr. Coppock, as its Secretary, rendered valuable service. On retiring from that office, which he did after its affairs were consolidated, in consideration of his services, he was declared an Honorary Life Member, and appointed the Solicitor to the Club, which appointment he held until his death.

In private life, Mr. Coppock was a kind and generous man, full of quick observation and genial humour. His unfortunate connection with the Surrey Gardens arose from the large and liberal assistance he gave to their former proprietor. For his advances to that individual he had ample security. This security, however, he abandoned when the company was formed; and the result of his association with it was the loss of a large part of his savings. Mr. Coppock was originally, from his large money advances, forced into an active share in the management of the gardens. Unsuitable as this was to all his habits of life, so long as he could take a prominent part in their conduct, the entertainments were profitable. The general election withdrew in the second season his attention from them. After a long, laborious and harassing Parliamentary session, Mr. Coppock had, instead of repose and relaxation, to meet and encounter all the trouble and

annoyance arising from their unexpected embarrassments. The vexation and mortification of this affair, joined to the want of relief from business during the long vacation, and to the duties of his new office (County Court Treasurership), did their work on Mr. Coppock's robust and sturdy frame, and assisted in bringing him to a premature grave, with the regrets of all his personal acquaintances.

In religion, Mr. Coppock was throughout life a consistent Unitarian. Though catholic in his charities, he did not forget his own communion, and the rich and powerful organ in the Unitarian church, Stockport, built by Grey and Davison, was presented by him to that congregation, with whom four generations of his family have worshipped.

He was interred on Saturday, Dec. 26, at Brompton cemetery.

Having alluded to Mr. Coppock's connection with the Royal Surrey Gardens, it gives us great pleasure to add the following, which appeared in the advertising columns of the *Times*. It would have much consoled Mr. Coppock had the acknowledgment been made publicly in his lifetime. It had been privately made, and his sudden death alone previously prevented the public recognition:

"Royal Surrey Gardens Company.—At a Meeting of Shareholders, convened for the purpose of receiving a report on the proposal to be made to the creditors, it was resolved unanimously,—

"That this Meeting, having heard with deep regret of the decease of James Coppock, Esq., a Director of and the principal Shareholder in this Company, desire to express their sympathy with his family and friends on that unexpected and painful event. The Shareholders take this opportunity of stating publicly, that having carefully investigated the accounts, they feel satisfied that whatever errors of judgment may have occurred in the management of the affairs of the Company, the deceased gentleman and the other Directors are fully absolved from any personal misappropriation of its funds, and that their conduct and character stand free from charge or imputation.

"Dec. 23, 1857."

Dec. 22, aged 1 year and 8 months, ALFRED BOWRING, second son of John H. GREENE, Esq., Claughton Park, Birkenhead.

Lately, at Rome, in his 30th year, CHAS. ALGERNON, youngest son of Sir J. BOWRING, Governor of Hong Kong.